

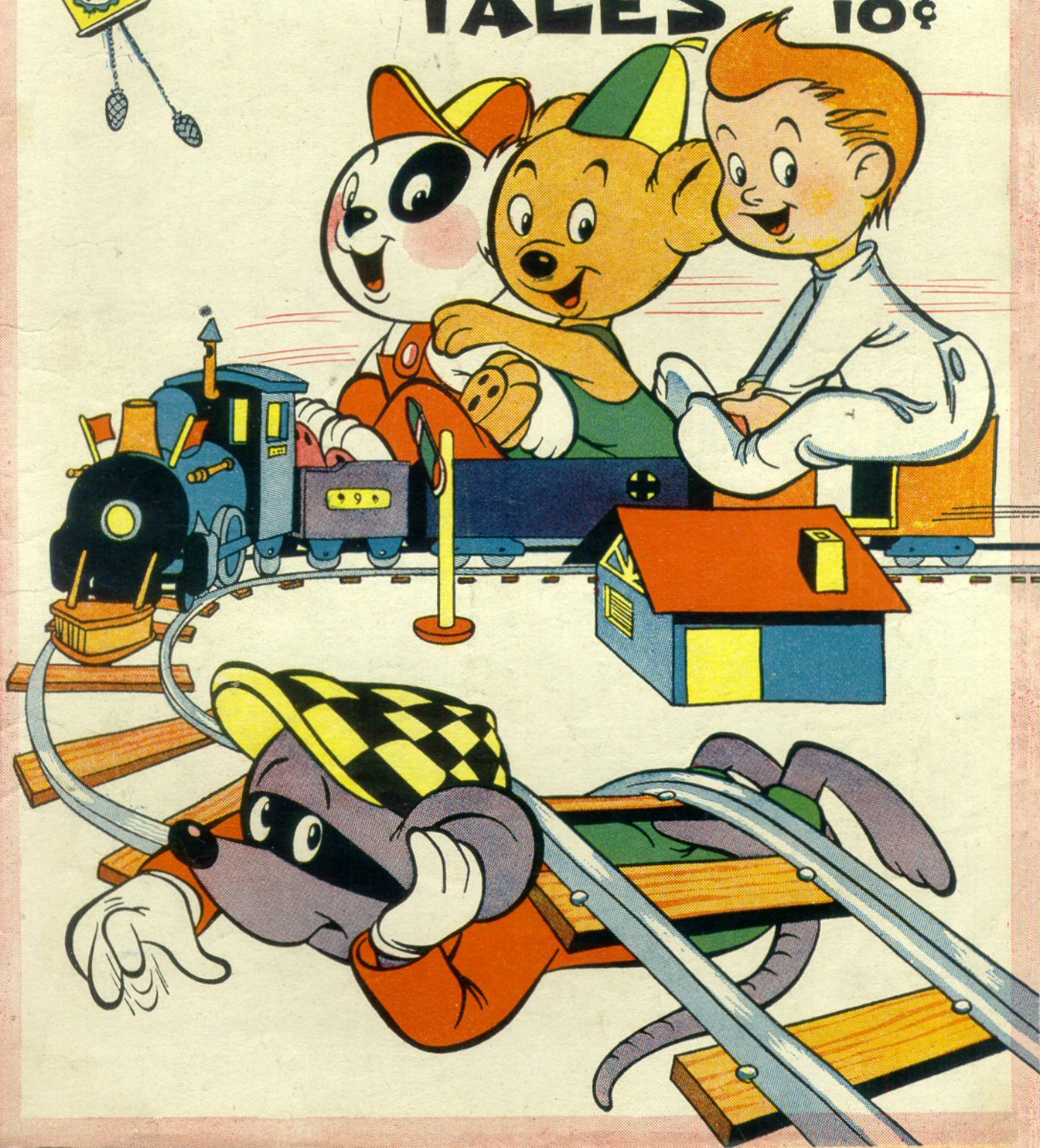
NO.  
11

NOVEMBER

# TICK TOCK

## TALES

10¢



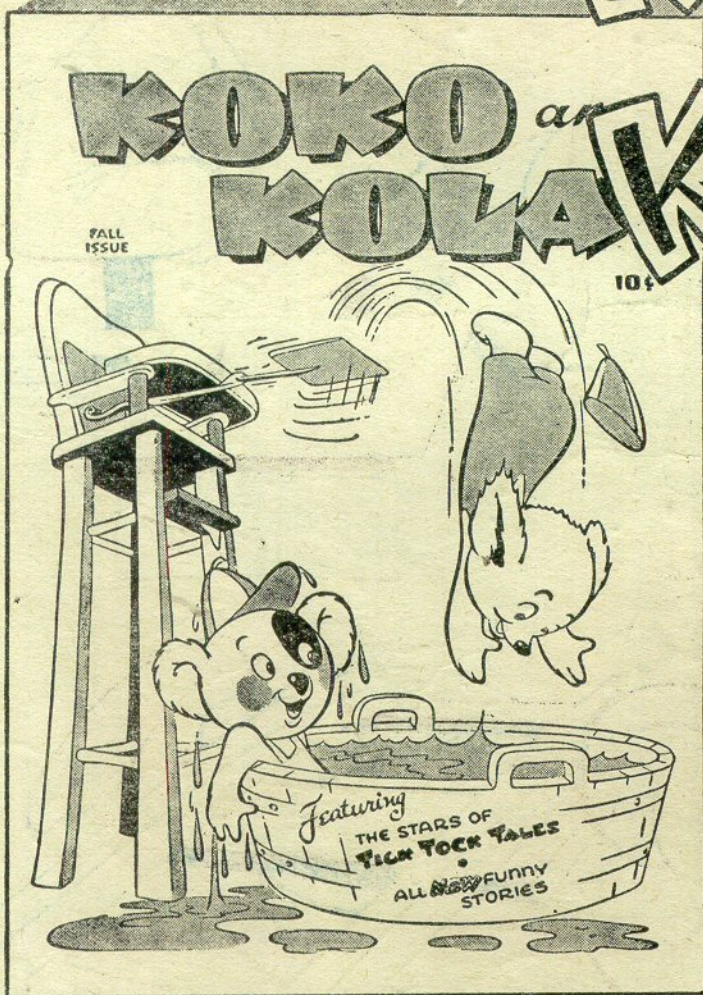




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



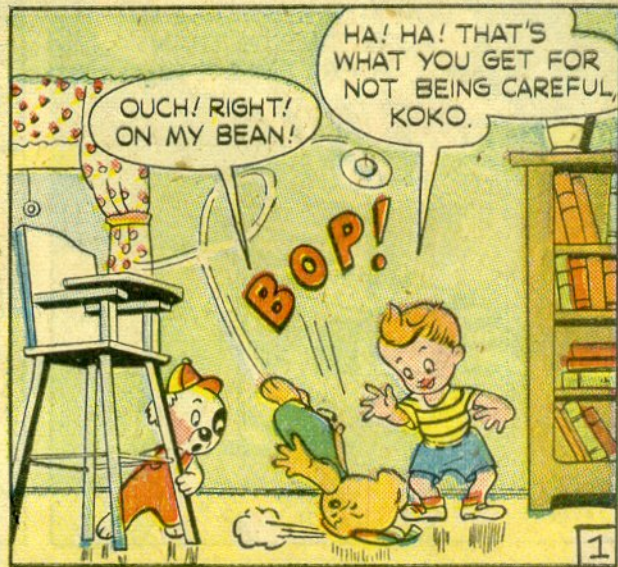
# A Whole BOOK of new KOKO and KOLA STORIES



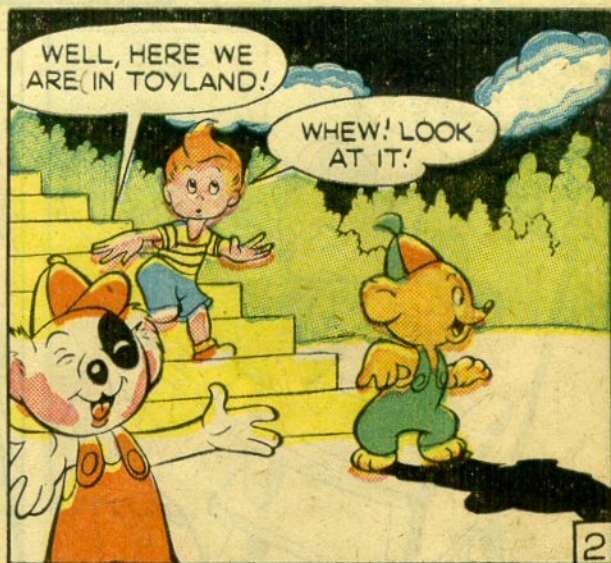
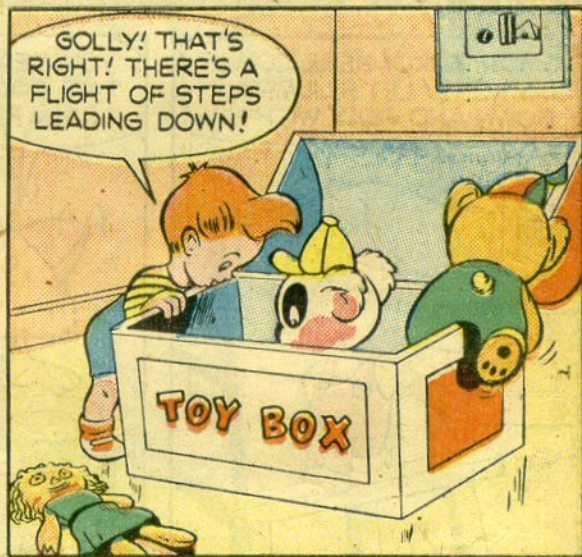
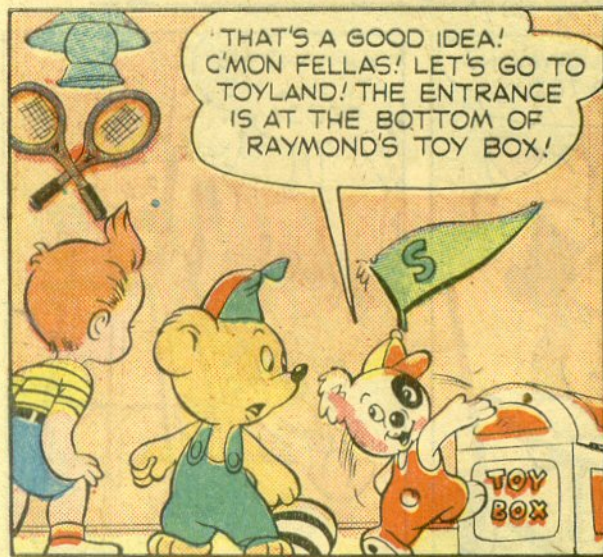
## OUT NOW

TICK TOCK TALES, November, 1946, Vol. 1, No. 11. Published monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1945 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in U. S. A. \$1.50 per year. Entire contents copyrighted 1946 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.





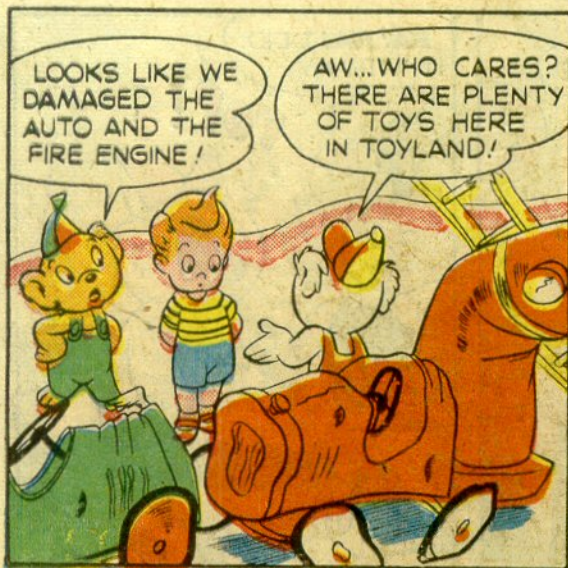
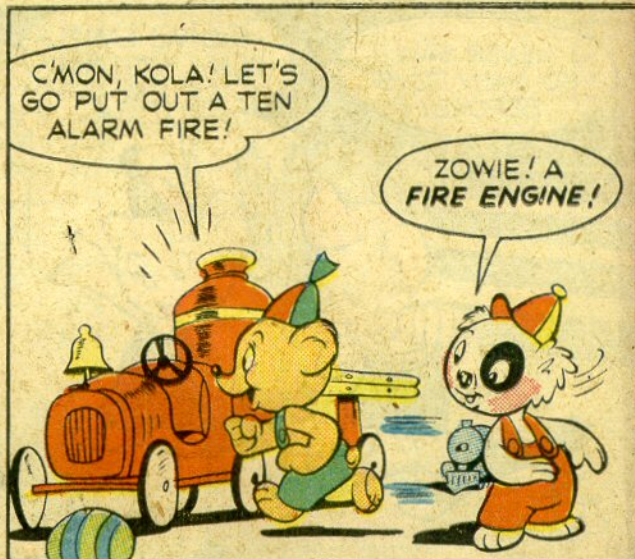




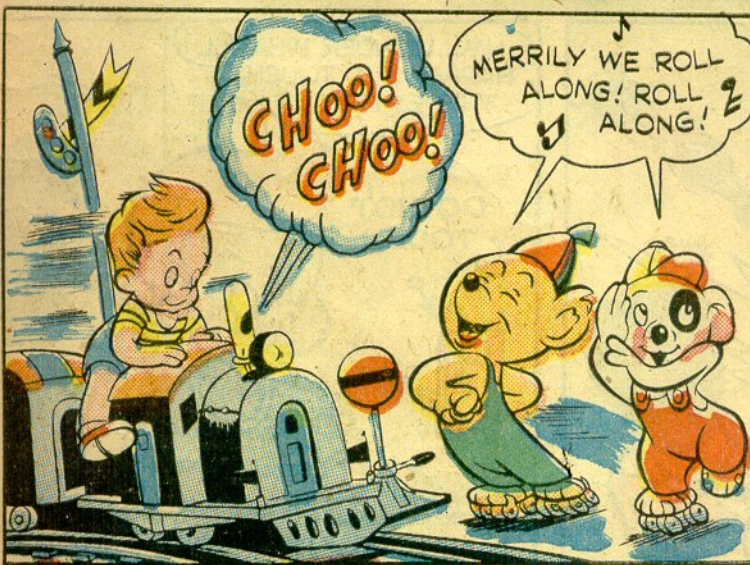
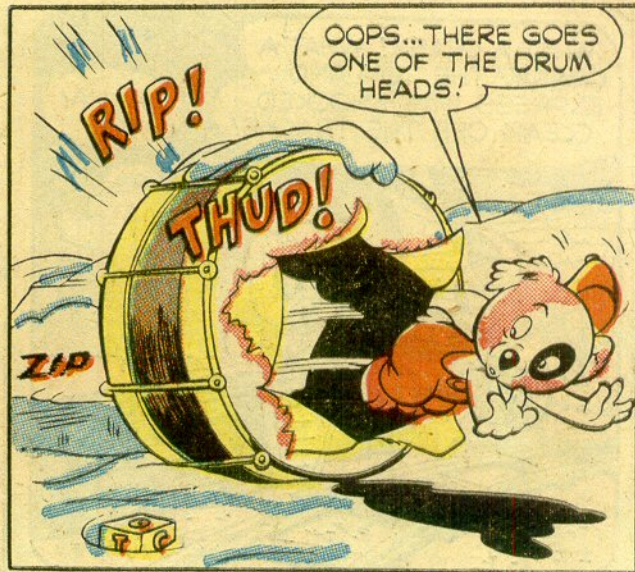








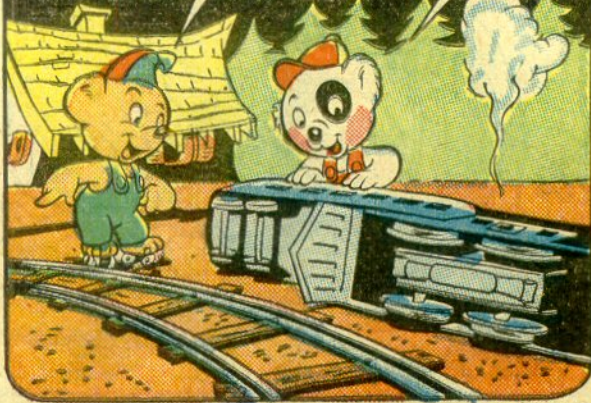






WHAT A CRASH! WHAT A **CRASH!** THE TOYLAND EXPRESS WAS KNOCKED CLEAR OFF THE TRACKS!

HA! HA!  
HA!



LOOK AT ME...  
BIG CHIEF RAYMOND,  
AND I GOT A **BOW  
AND ARROW!**

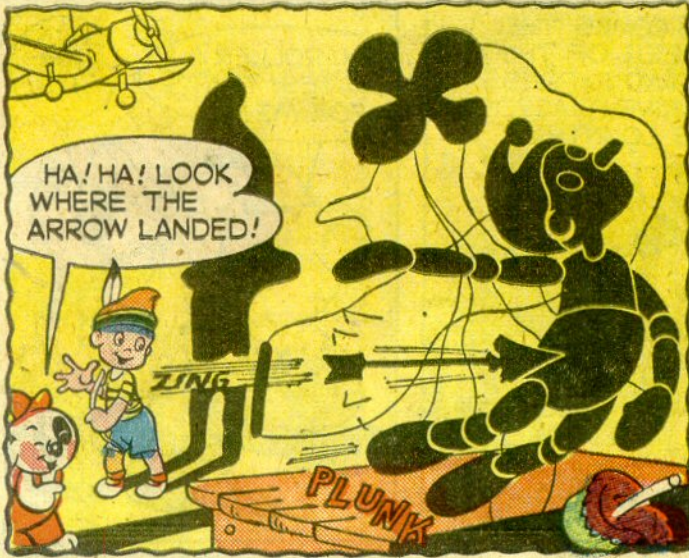


LET'S SEE YOU  
HIT THAT WOODEN  
PUPPET ON THE  
TABLE!

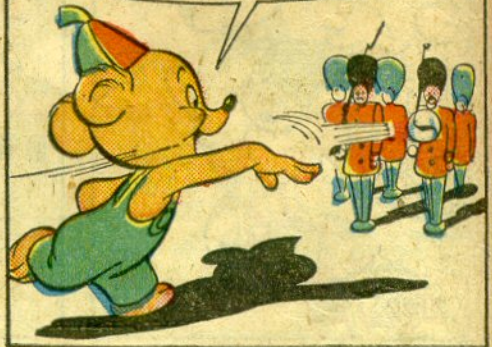
OH, THAT'S  
EASY!



HA! HA! LOOK  
WHERE THE  
ARROW LANDED!



AW, THAT'S NOTHING! WATCH  
ME KNOCK THOSE LEAD SOLDIERS  
DOWN WITH THIS BALL!



PERFECT AIM! YOU  
GOT 'EM ALL!

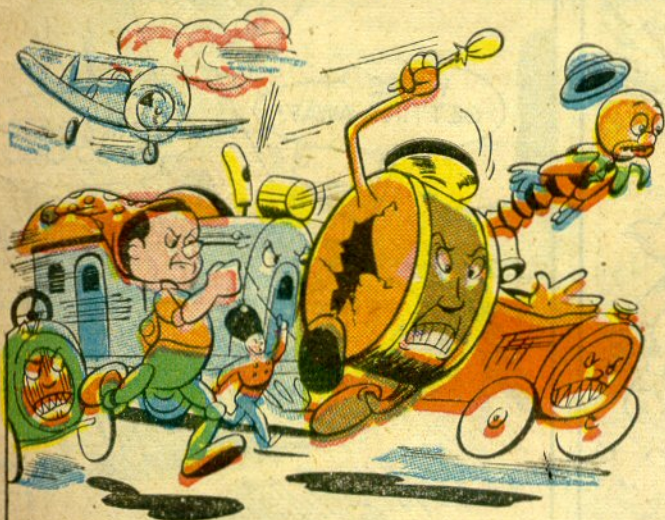
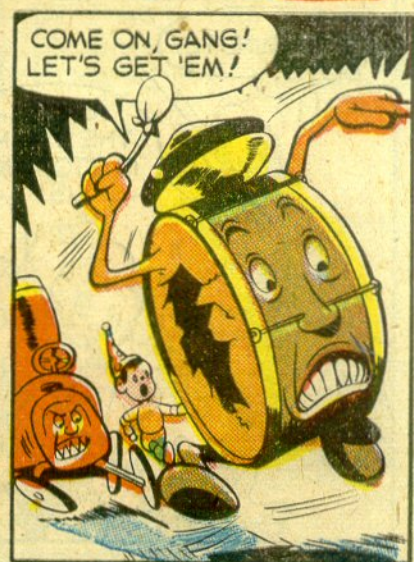
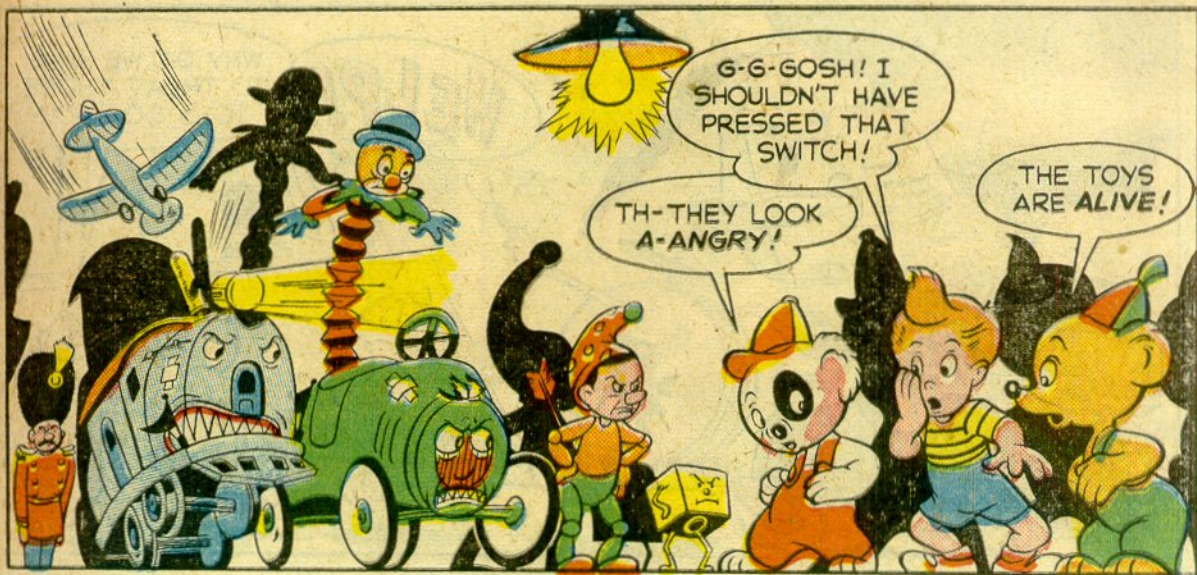


HM...WONDER WHAT'LL  
HAPPEN IF I TOUCH  
THIS SWITCH!

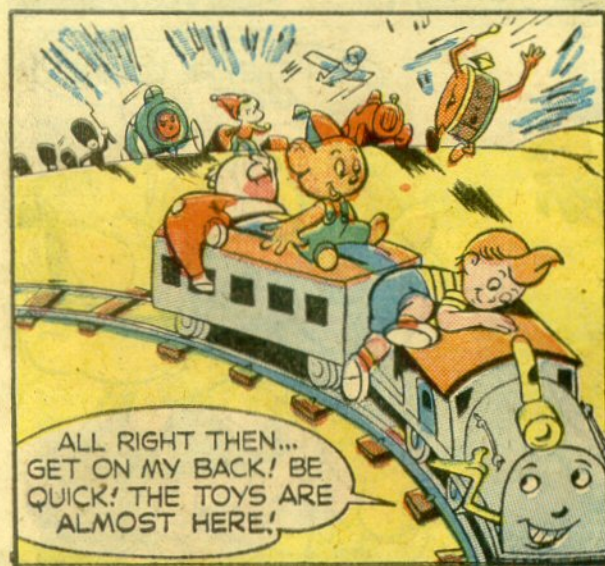
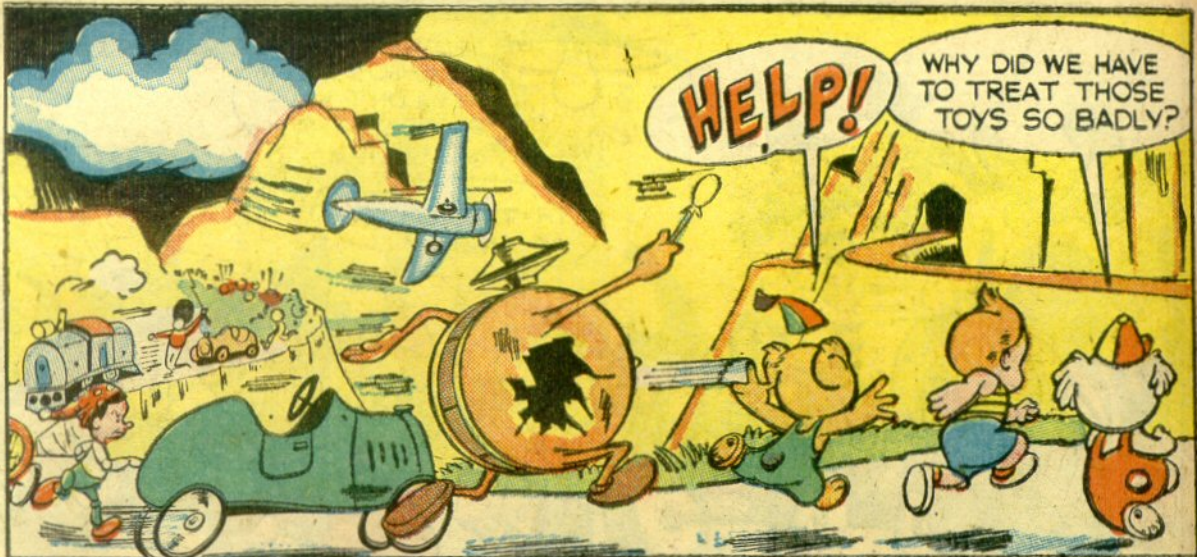
DO NOT  
TOUCH







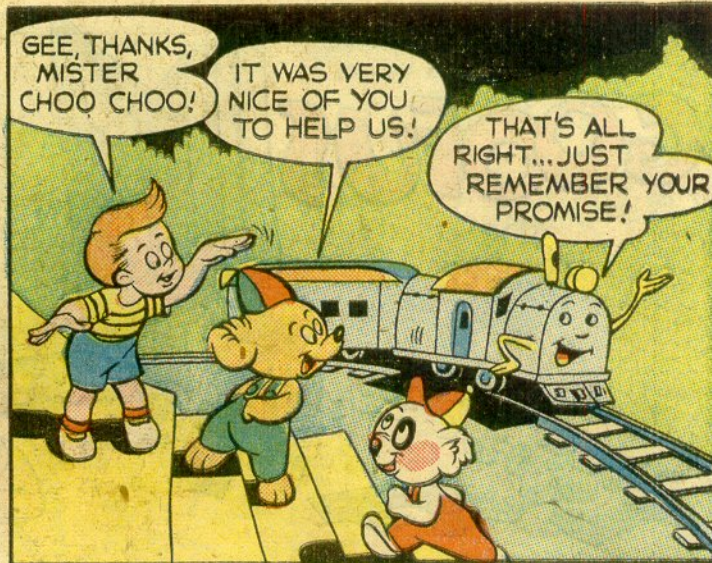








HERE WE ARE AT THE STAIRS... THEY CAN'T CATCH YOU!



GEE, THANKS, MISTER CHOO CHOO!

IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU TO HELP US!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT... JUST REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE!



WE WILL... GOODBYE!



PHEW! IT'S MUCH HARDER WALKING UP THESE STAIRS THAN DOWN!

IT ALWAYS IS!



OH, BOY! HOME AT LAST!



L-LOOK! THAT STUFFED TOY! MAYBE HE'LL COME TO LIFE!

HA! HA! DON'T BE AFRAID! TOYS COME TO LIFE ONLY IN TOYLAND!



ANYWAY WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR PROMISE!

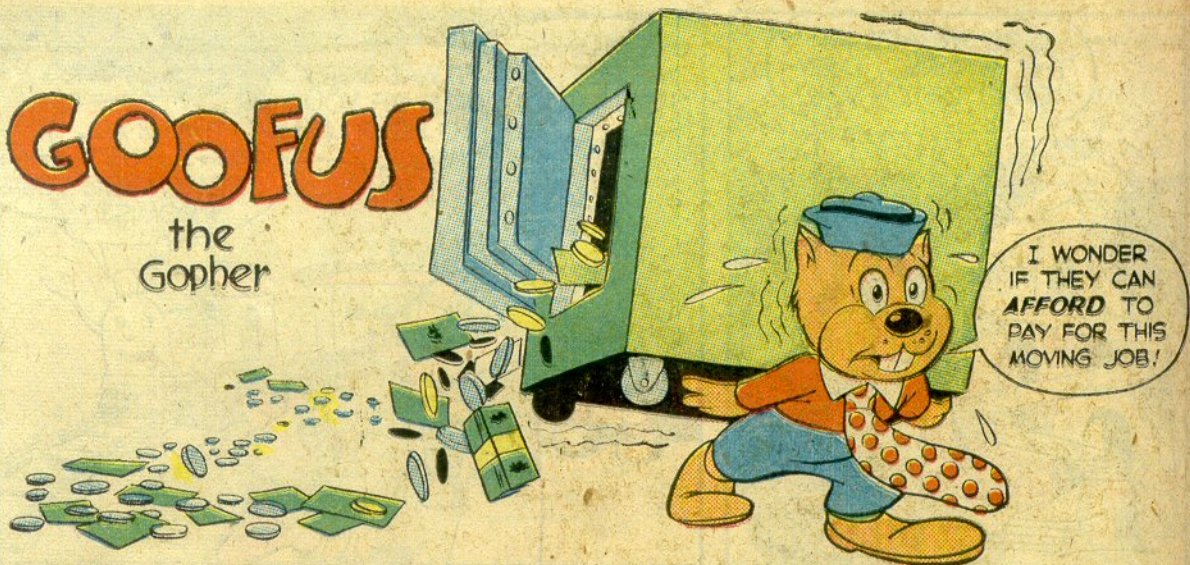
YUP! FROM NOW ON WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF OUR TOYS!

THE END



# GOOFUS

the  
Gopher



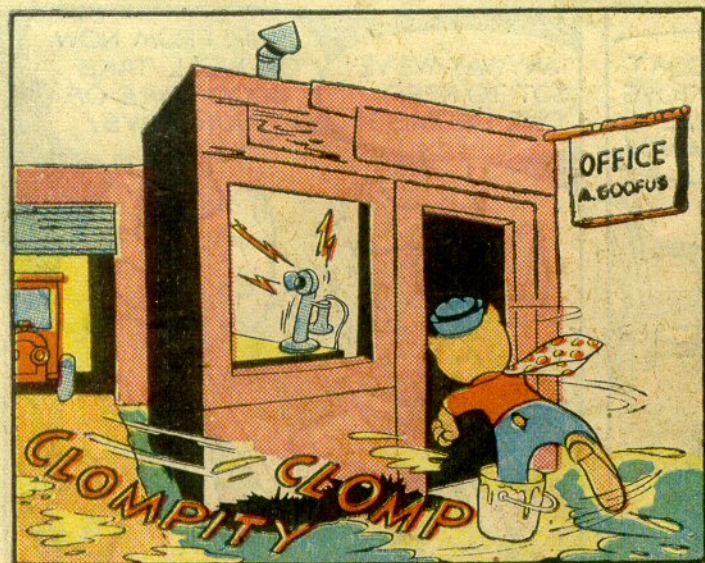
WITH THIS VAN, I'LL  
BE RICH IN NO TIME  
AT ALL!

GOOFUS MOVING CO.

WE MOVE ANYTHING  
A GOOFUS, INC.



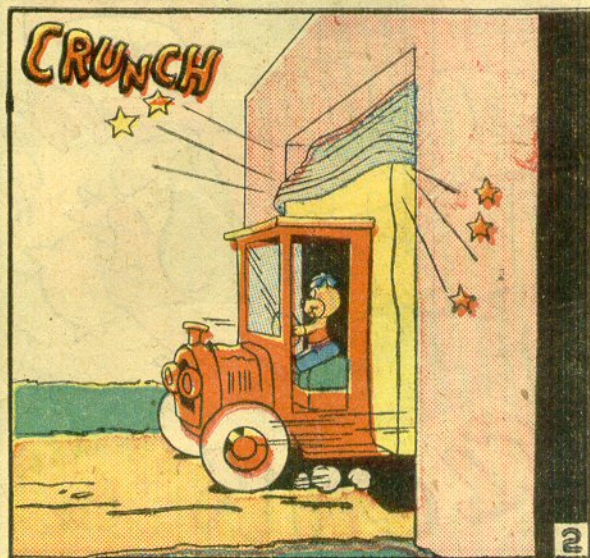
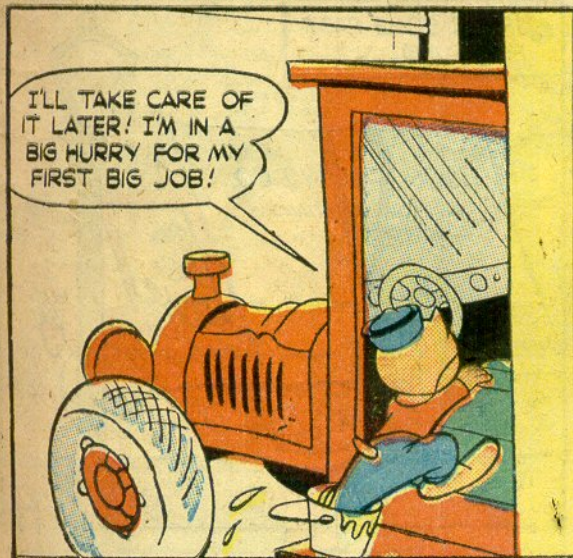
GOSH! BUSINESS  
ALREADY? HOLD IT!  
I'M COMING!



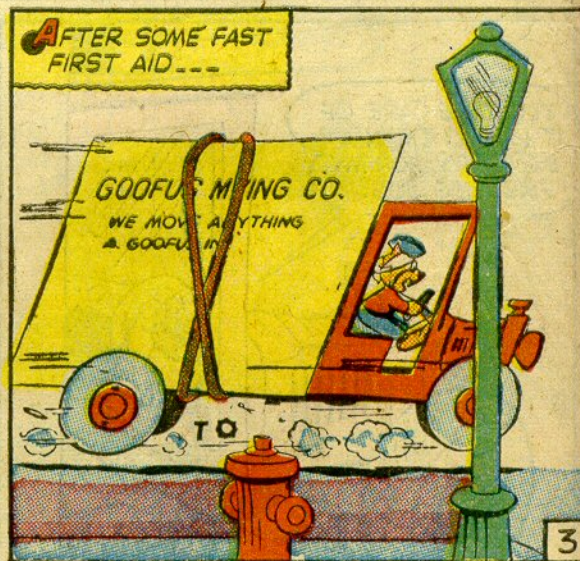
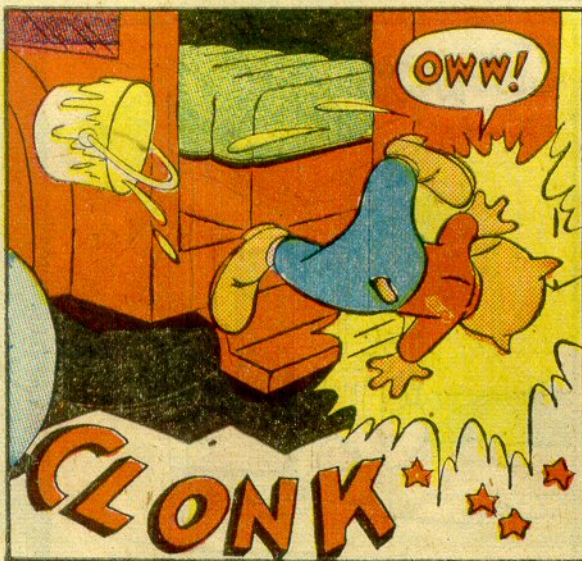
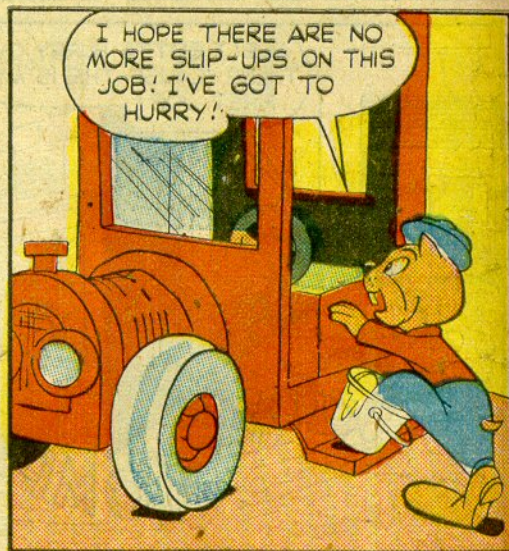
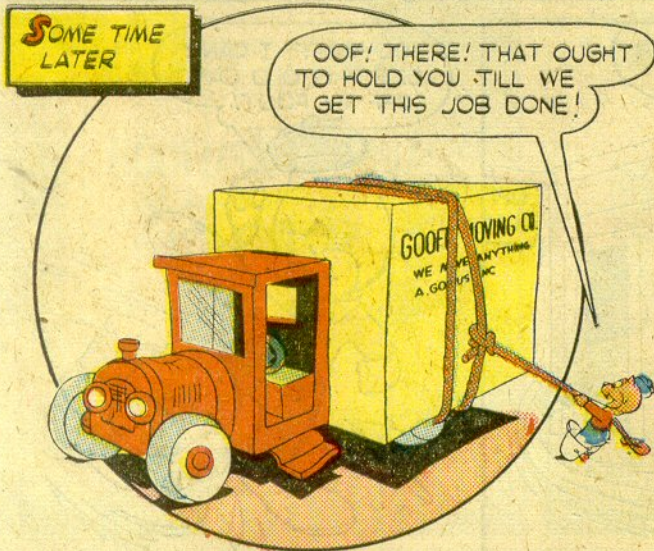
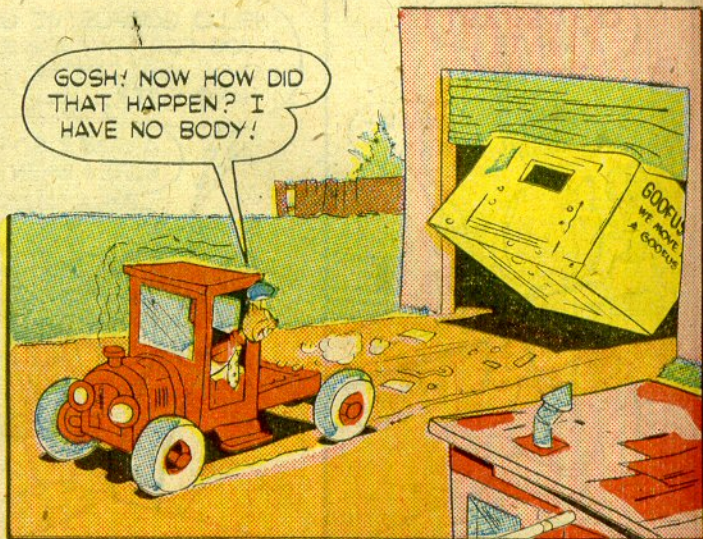
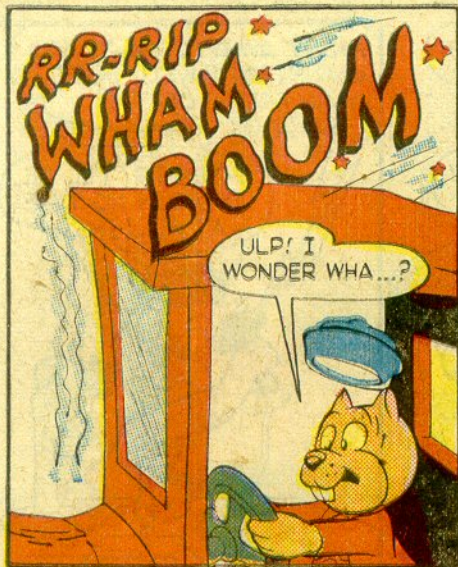
HELLO! GOOFUS VAN  
COMPANY! GOOFUS  
SPEAKING!





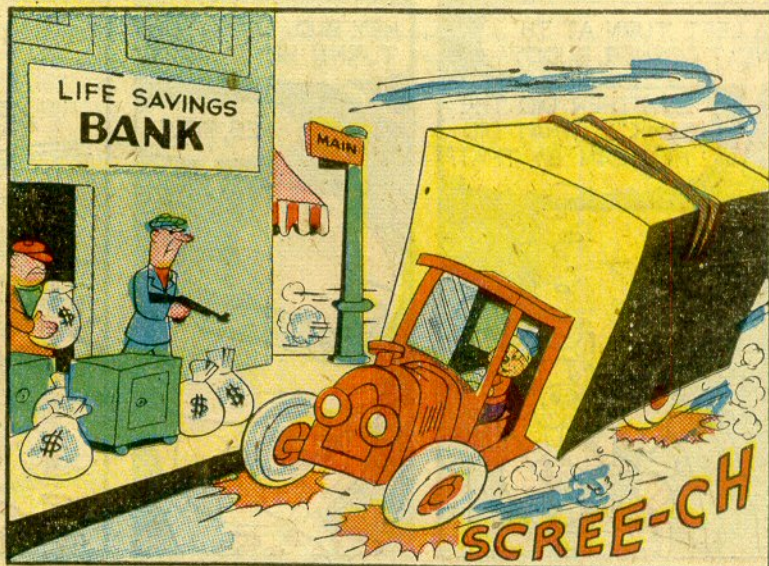








100 MAIN STREET  
SHOULD BE THE  
NEXT CORNER!





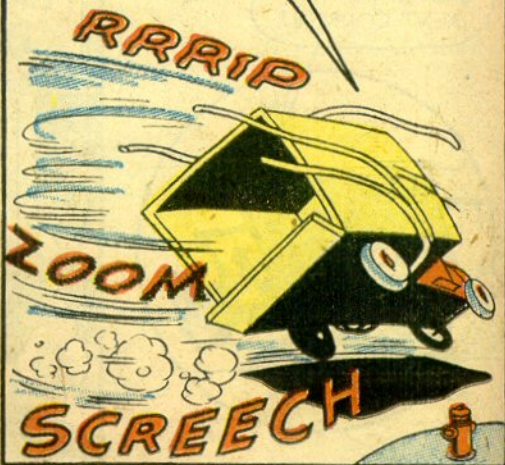
A LEFT TURN AT TH' NEXT CORNER, BUDDY!

— "NEITHER DID THE BANK" — WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?

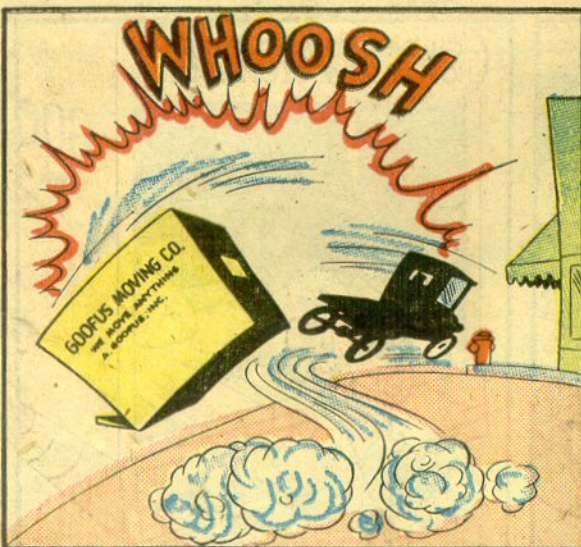
HEY, BUD! LEFT TURN!! HEY!

YES, SIR!!

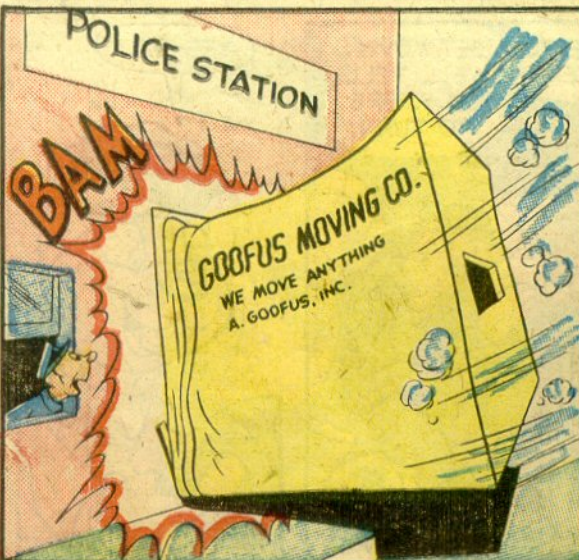
ULP! HEY! I CAN'T SEE!



WHOOSH

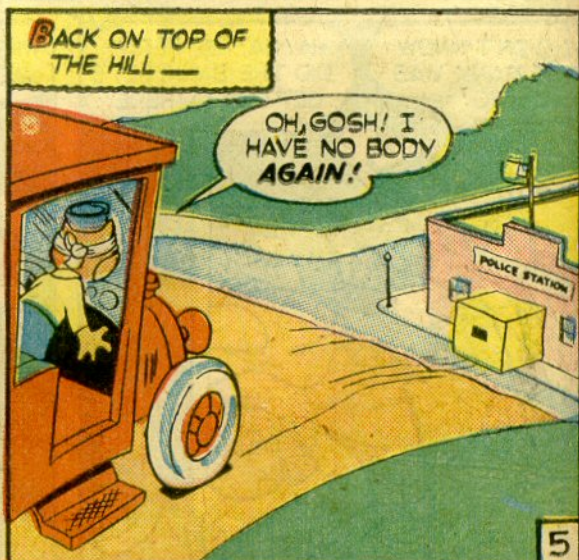


POLICE STATION

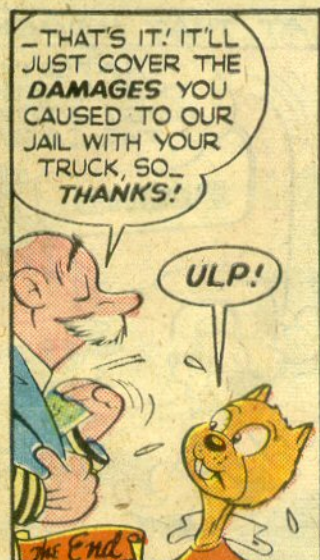
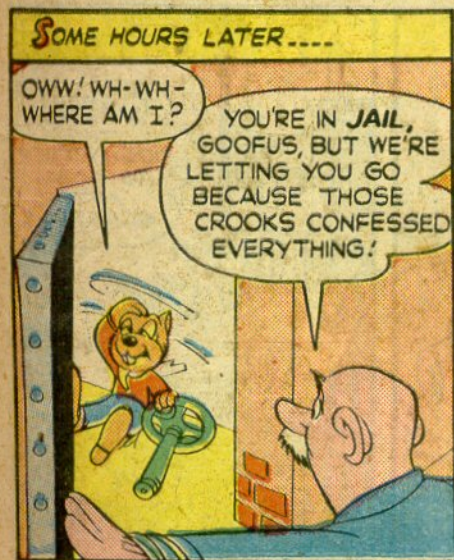
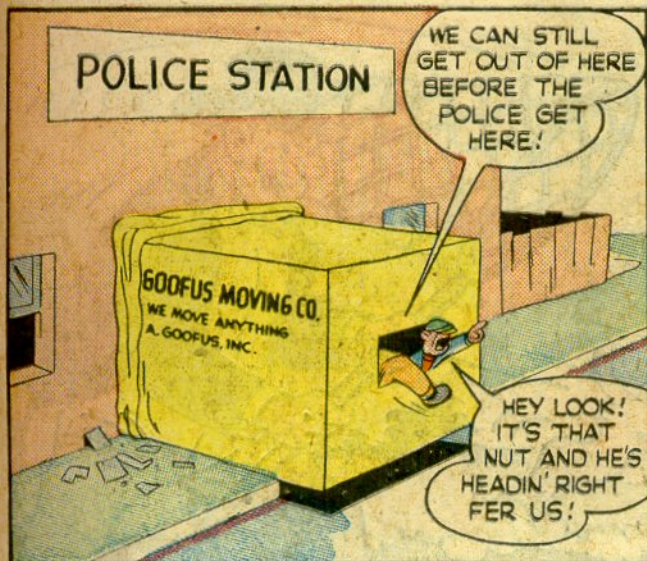


BACK ON TOP OF THE HILL —

OH, GOSH! I HAVE NO BODY AGAIN!





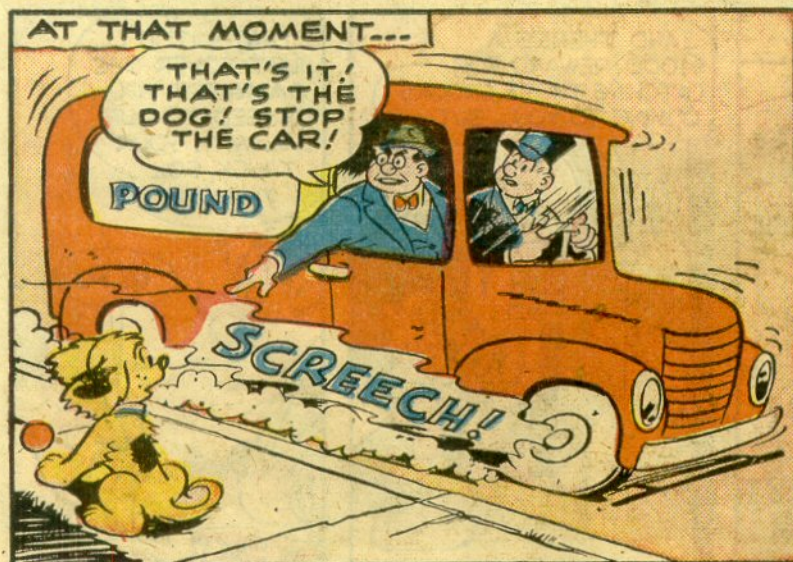
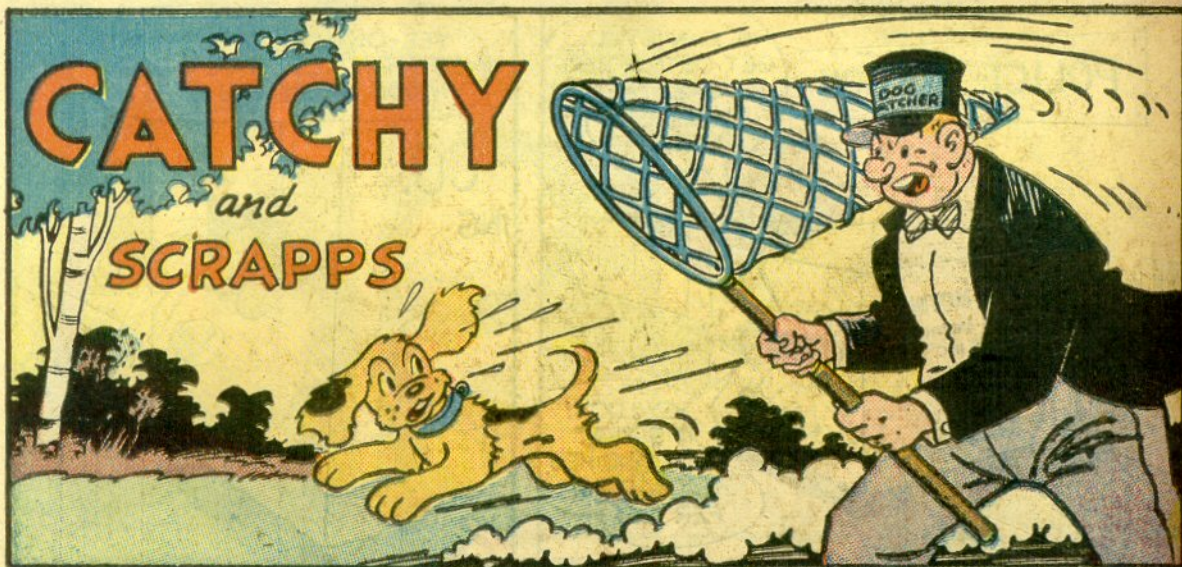




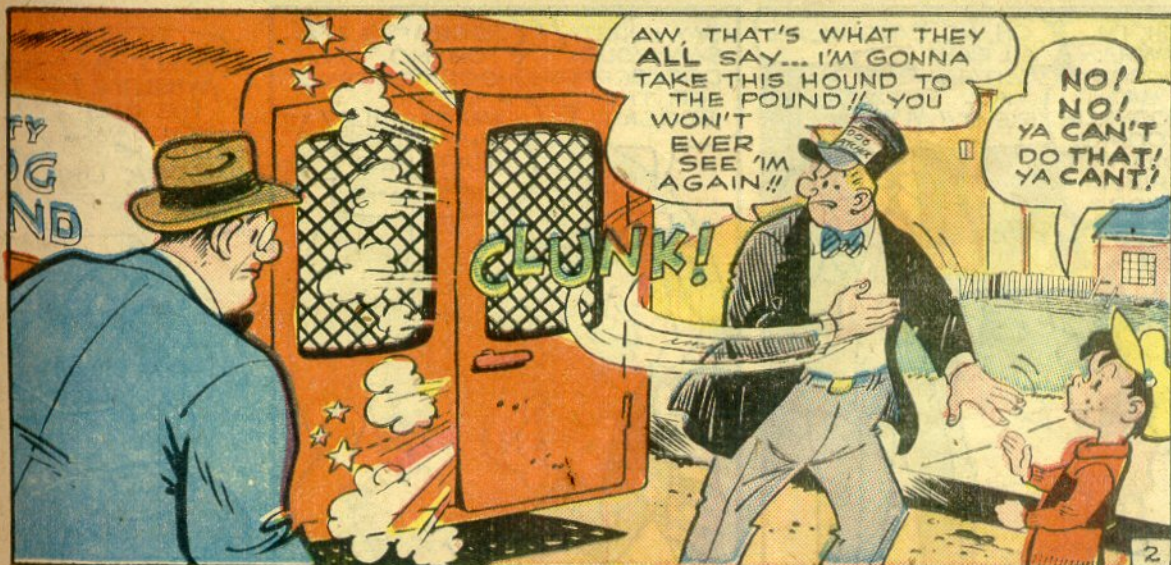
# CATCHY

and

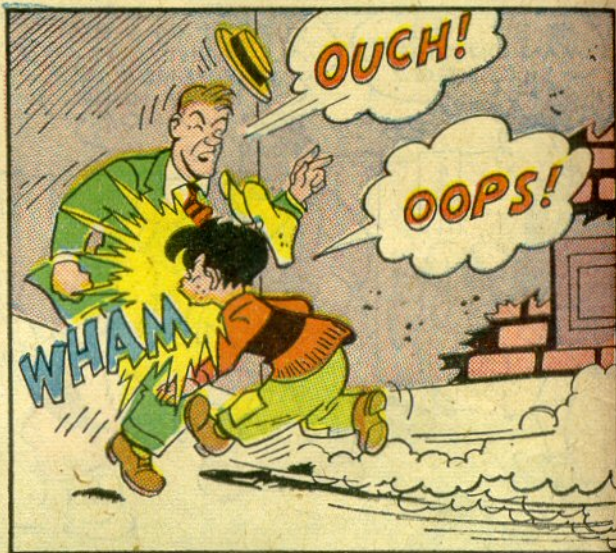
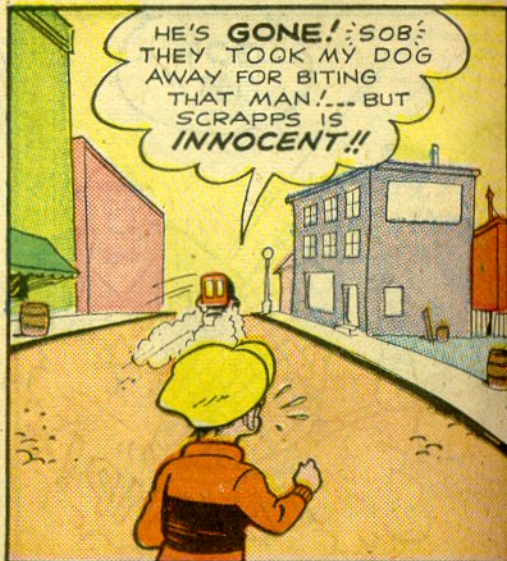
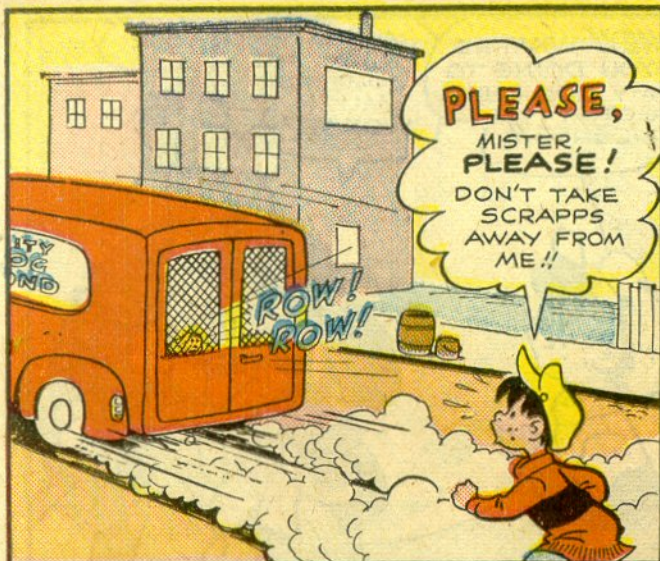
# SCRAPPS



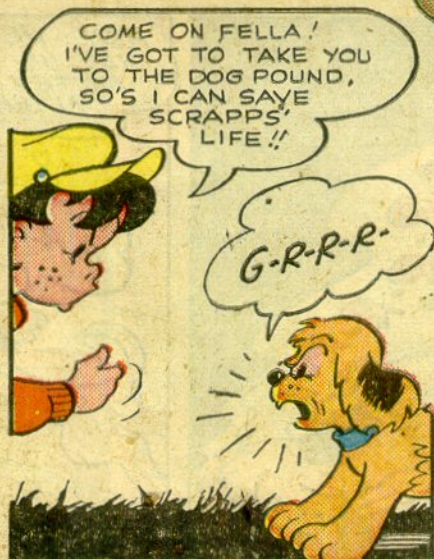
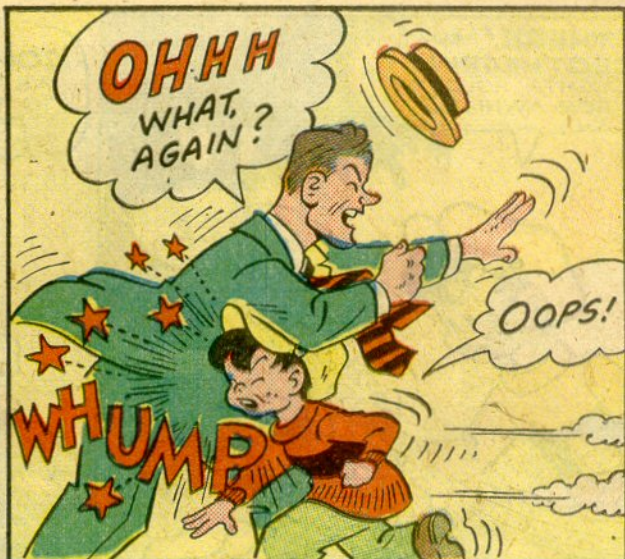




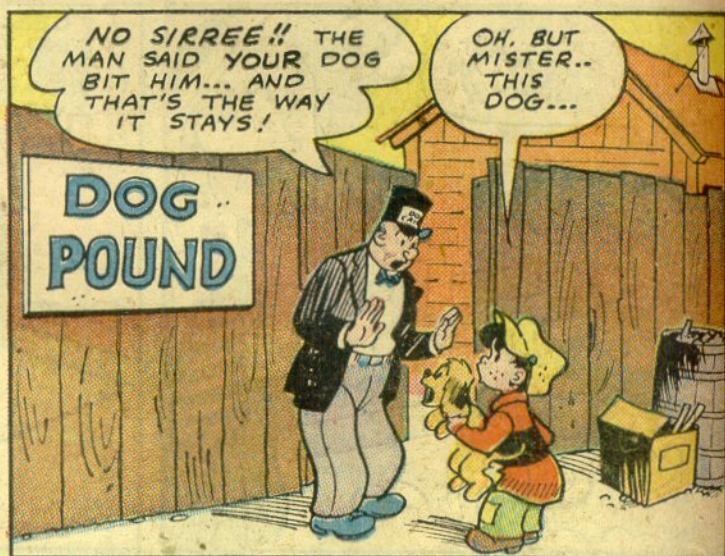
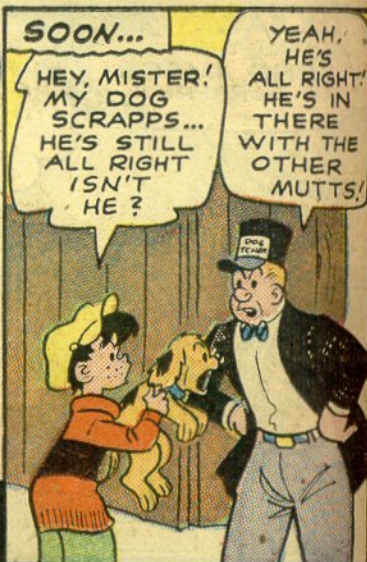
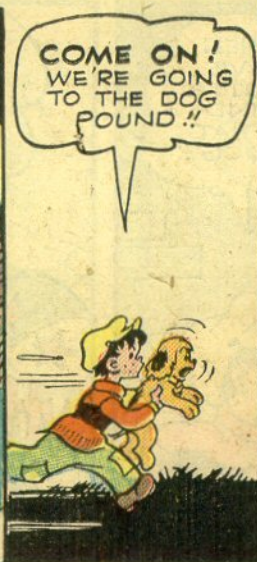














**YEEOWW!**

**DURING THE CONFUSION, THE DOGS  
RUSH OUT OF THE OPEN GATE  
TO FREEDOM!**

**SCRAPPS!  
SCRAPPS!  
HERE  
I AM!**

**DOG  
POUND**

**HEY, YOU MUTTS  
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED  
TO ESCAPE... COME  
BACK HERE!**

**DOG  
POUND**

**GEE,  
SCRAPPS.  
I SURE  
AM  
GLAD  
TO HAVE  
YOU  
BACK!**

**BROW!!  
ROW!!**

**LATE THAT NIGHT...**

**HERE COMES THE  
DOG CATCHER...  
GOLLY, HE SURE  
LOOKS TIRED!**

**DOG  
POUND**


**HMPH! THEY ALL  
ESCAPED! BUT I  
CAUGHT THIS MUTT  
ANYWAY!**

**TEE  
HEE!**

**THE  
END**



# TURKEY TALK



**G**OBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE!" Raymond looked down at this queer creature that was making all the funny noises. "Who are you and what are you trying to say?" he asked. "I never heard such funny noises in all my life."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said the creature. "All your life, indeed! Why, that has been only *three* years. That's all your life has been. And what could you learn in only three years, anyhow? Why, you don't even know who I am."

"No, I don't, and I don't know that I care either," said Raymond. "—now that I know how rude you are."

"Rude! Rude, indeed! Why, just listen to him! You don't even know what the word means."

"I do too," said Raymond. "It means, it means . . ."

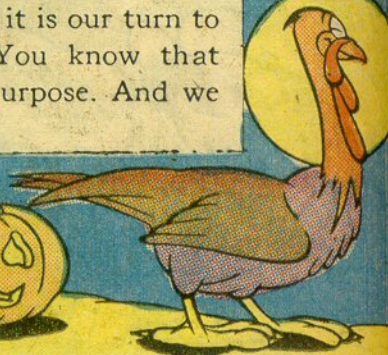
"It means that you are the one that is really rude," said the creature. "—calling the way I talk a *funny noise*. Why, I'm a turkey and *all* turkeys talk this way."

"Oh, are *you* a turkey?" asked Raymond. "You're the first one I've ever seen! What are you doing here, anyway?"


"See," said the turkey. "you aren't half as smart as you think you are. Don't you know what day it is? Don't you know that this is the day before Thanksgiving Day. That's what it is! It's the day a lot of us turkeys come down here on earth to help you celebrate."

"Down here? Why, where do you come from?" asked Raymond.

"I come from a place called Turkey Land. All of us turkeys live there a certain number of years and then it is our turn to go down to the earth for Thanksgiving. You know that everyone is put into this world to serve a purpose. And we turkeys are here just for Thanksgiving Day."







And then the turkey went on to explain how only the oldest turkeys went down each year. And nobody minded at all, because each one knew when his turn was coming. Only, something had happened this year. One of the older turkeys was missing and so Raymond's friend, the turkey, had to take his place. This meant that he had to come down to the earth a whole year before his time. And he wasn't really ready to do so. He didn't even have time to say good-bye to all his friends in Turkey Land.

"That's a shame," said Raymond. "Your life up there was a whole year shorter than it should have been. It really wasn't fair at all."

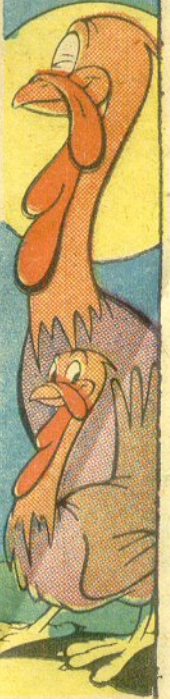
"No, it wasn't," admitted the turkey. "And the queerest thing of all is that no one knows what happened to the turkey whose place I took."

Raymond offered to help the turkey find him. "Then," said Raymond, "you could stay up in Turkey Land another year."

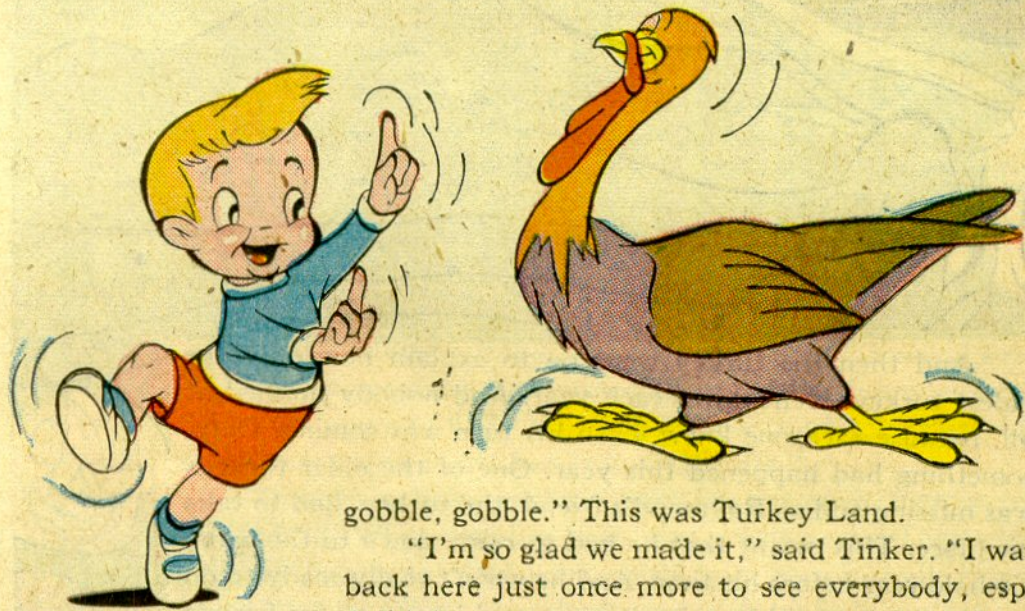
"All right!" said the turkey. "let's both go up to Turkey Land. But we'll have to hurry back so that I'll be here in the morning in time for Thanksgiving Day. By the way, my name is Tinker Turkey. What's yours?"

"Oh, I'm Raymond, and I'm sorry that I was so rude to you and made fun of the way you said, 'Gobble, Gobble.' Let's hurry now. We can't waste any time."

And Raymond hopped on Tinker Turkey's back and up and up they flew, way up into the sky, until finally they landed on a big white cloud. And there were hundreds and hundreds of turkeys walking, sleeping, eating and saying "Gobble,







gobble, gobble." This was Turkey Land.

"I'm so glad we made it," said Tinker. "I wanted to come back here just once more to see everybody, especially those I didn't say good-bye to. And there's one of them now. That's my friend, Trotta Turkey, coming this way. He's a very famous dancer. I'll ask him to teach you that wonderful dance, the Turkey Trot."

And before Raymond knew it, he was dancing the Turkey Trot with Trotta. They danced and danced for such a long time that Raymond got very tired and begged to sit down so that he could rest. Trotta led him over to a big hill and told him to sit there on top of it for a while until Tinker Turkey came to call for him. While he was sitting there, Raymond decided to slide down the other side of the hill, just to see what was there. "It'll only take a minute," he thought, "and then I'll go back to my friends." So he slid down the other side of the hill just as if it were a sliding pond. "Wisshhh-Woooo-ssshhh-Wisshhh!" he went and landed right on something very soft. It felt just exactly like a feather bed. But when Raymond looked at it again, he was surprised to discover that it was a turkey!

"Why, what are you doing here?" he asked. "Why are you sitting here all by yourself instead of playing with the other turkeys?"

The turkey hung its head and didn't say a word.

"Come on now, and tell me," coaxed Raymond. "What are you doing here?"

But still the turkey didn't answer. Finally Raymond started to shake the turkey very gently. And then the turkey started to cry. "I'm hiding here away from everybody else,"



he said, "because I cheated. I was supposed to go down to the earth for this Thanksgiving. It was really my turn. I didn't want to go, though, so I came here to hide instead. Then Tinker Turkey had to go in my place. But now I don't know what to do. I can't go back or everybody will know that I ran away. And I can't stay here because I'm lonesome."

"Oh!" said Raymond, petting the turkey. "I feel sorry for you. Tinker told me that he had to go down to the earth a year ahead of his time. He also told me that every person is in the world for a reason. And that you live and play here all the time so that you can go down to the earth to help us celebrate Thanksgiving Day when your turn comes. Come, let's find Tinker and tell him that you changed your mind and that you are going back with me."

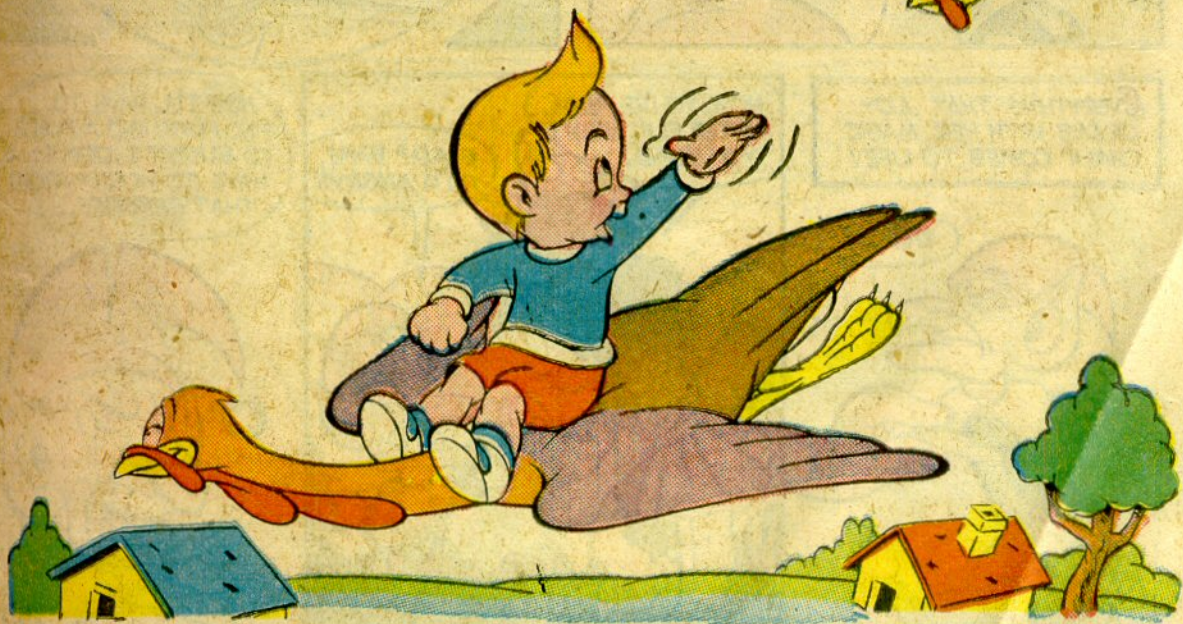
"What," said the turkey, "do you mean that Tinker is back up here?"

"Yes," said Raymond. "He just came for a short visit to show me Turkey Land and also to find you and then we were to go right back. But now you can go back instead."

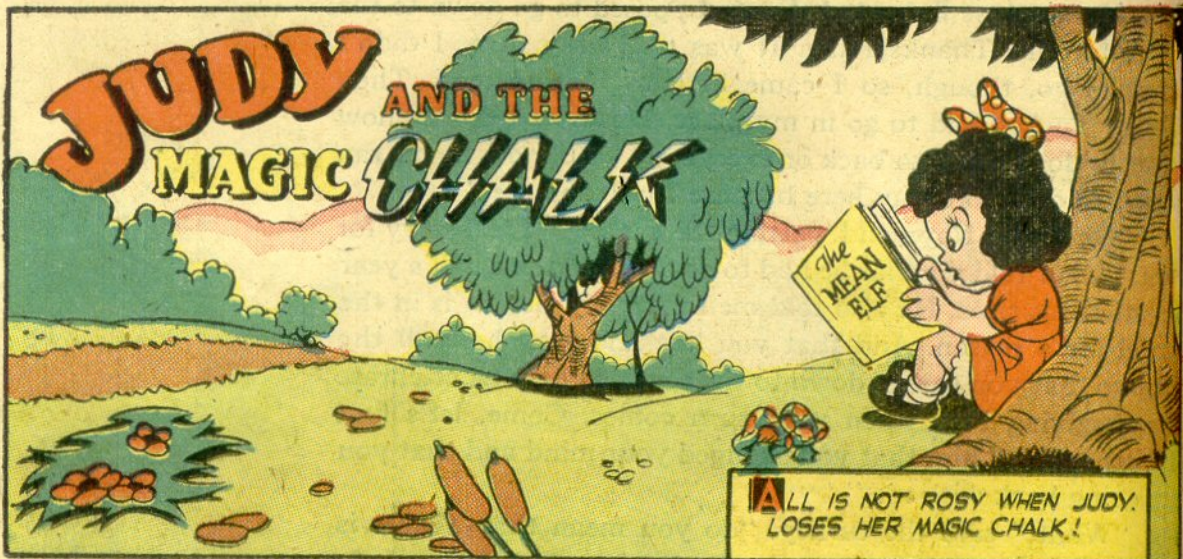
So the turkey and Raymond went over the hill to the other side where they found Tinker and Trotta looking very worried because they had missed Raymond. And Raymond told Tinker that he could stay in Turkey Land for another year because he had found the turkey that was missing.

Then Raymond jumped on the back of the little turkey and waved good-bye to Trotta and Tinker. "Good-bye," he called, "I'll see you next year."

And down he and the turkey went, down to earth and home, just in time for Thanksgiving Day.







ALL IS NOT ROSY WHEN JUDY LOSES HER MAGIC CHALK!



HA! HA! WHAT A FUNNY-LOOKING ELF!



I KNOW! I'LL DRAW THE ELF WITH MY MAGIC CHALK! THEN HE'LL BE REAL!

EVERYTHING THAT JUDY DRAWS WITH HER MAGIC CHALK COMES TO LIFE!



THERE!



NOW, YOU'RE REAL, MISTER ELF! AREN'T YOU GLAD?

GLAD? BAH! I'M ANGRY!!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIND FOOD AND A PLACE TO SLEEP! I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT BEFORE!







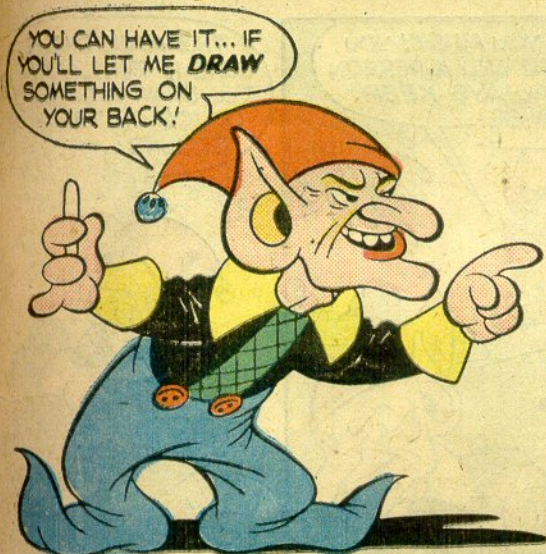
GIVE ME YOUR MAGIC CHALK!

OHHHHH!



HAH! I HAVE YOUR MAGIC CHALK AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT BACK!

OH, NO... PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME!



YOU CAN HAVE IT... IF YOU'LL LET ME **DRAW** SOMETHING ON YOUR BACK!



OH... ALL RIGHT! BUT WHAT IS IT GOING TO BE?

HEH! HEH! YOU'LL SEE! HEH! HEH!



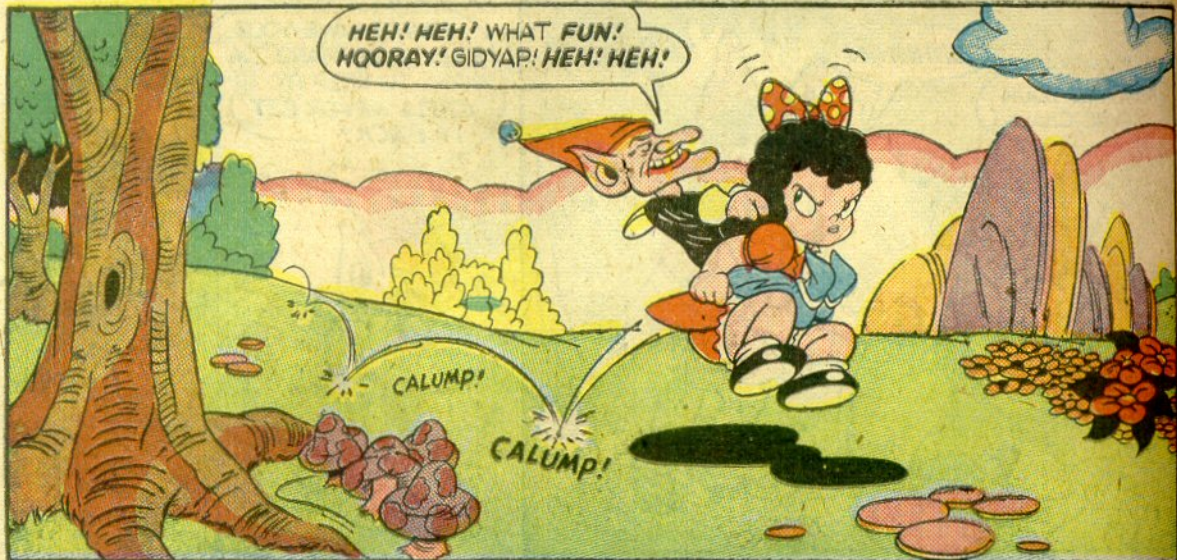
AH! IT'S FINISHED! I DREW A **SADDLE** ON YOUR BACK!



GIDYAP! GIDYAP! YOU'D BETTER DO AS I SAY OR YOU WON'T GET YOUR MAGIC CHALK!

OH, DEAR! I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GALLOP LIKE A HORSE!

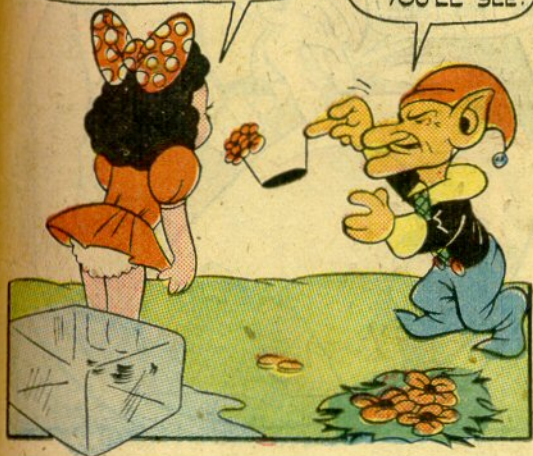






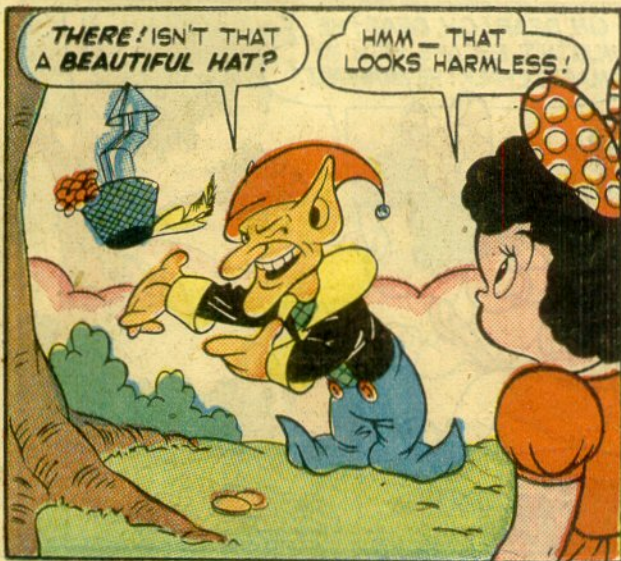
BUT THE CHALK CAN  
BE DANGEROUS...WHAT  
ARE YOU DRAWING **NOW?**

YOU'LL SEE!  
YOU'LL SEE!



THERE! ISN'T THAT  
A **BEAUTIFUL HAT?**

HMM... THAT  
LOOKS HARMLESS!



HA! HA! I NEVER SAW SUCH A  
**SILLY** LOOKING HAT IN ALL MY  
LIFE! I'M GLAD  
I DON'T  
HAVE TO  
WEAR IT!



**YES, YOU DO!** IF YOU WANT  
YOUR MAGIC CHALK, YOU  
**MUST WEAR THIS HAT!**



**NO! I'LL NEVER  
WEAR THAT HAT!  
NEVER! NEVER!**



ALL RIGHT, THEN...I'LL  
**KEEP YOUR MAGIC  
CHALK! GOODBYE!**



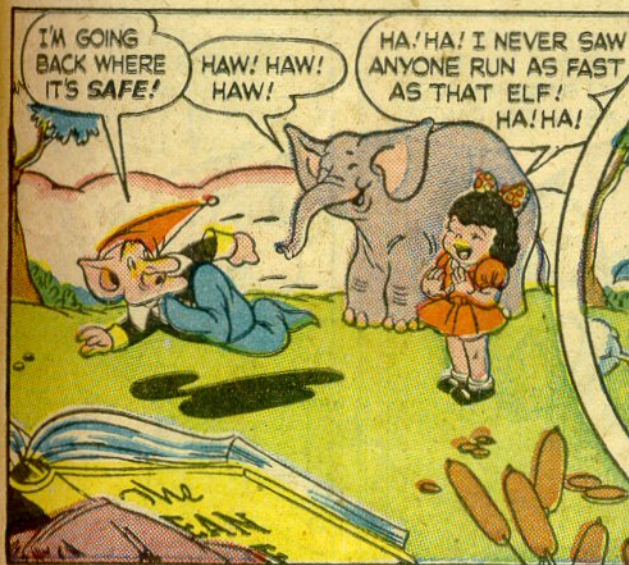
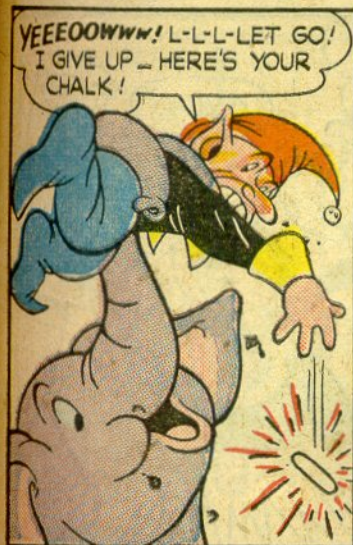
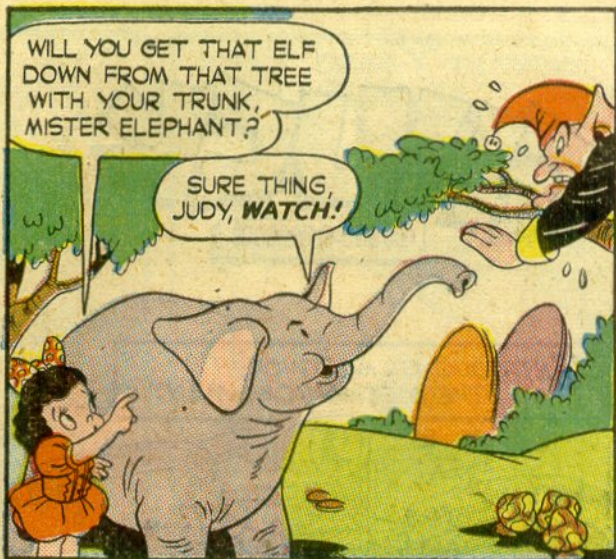




PLEASE! WON'T YOU HELP ME? IF YOU'LL HURRY AND DRAW THIS PICTURE, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET MY MAGIC CHALK FROM THE MEAN ELF!

COME ON! GIVE POOR JUDY A HELPING HAND! JUST PLACE YOUR PENCIL ON NUMBER 1, AND FOLLOW THE NUMBERS AROUND UNTIL YOU REACH NUMBER 56! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!





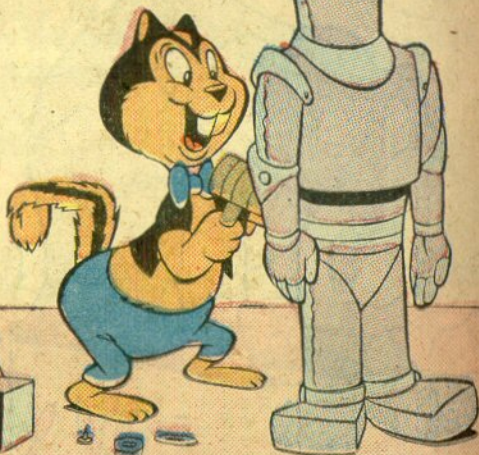


# CHUCK

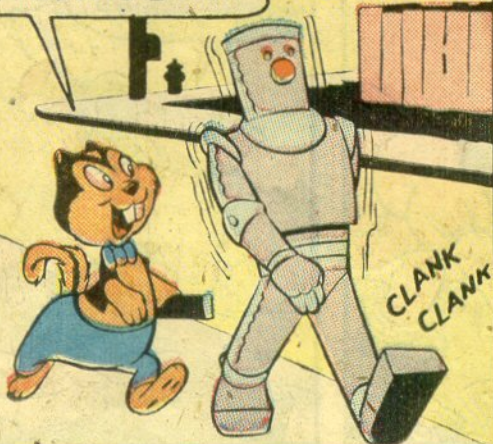
CHIPMUNK

INTRODUCING - MORTIMOR,  
THE MECHANICAL MAN!

CLANK  
CLANK

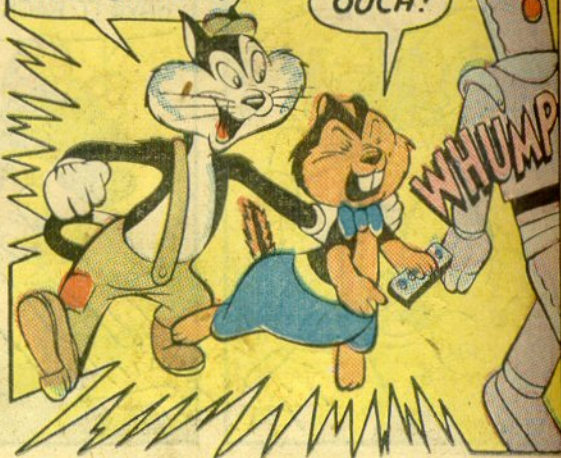


OH, BOY! WAIT 'TIL CHICI SEES  
MY LATEST INVENTION - MORTIMOR,  
THE MECHANICAL MAN!



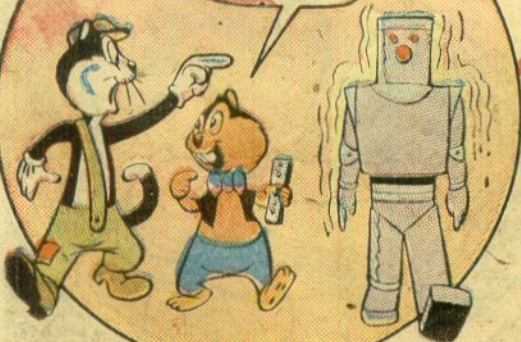
WELL, IF IT ISN'T  
MY OLD FRIEND,  
CHUCK CHIPMUNK!

OUCH!



WHAT'S THAT?  
IS HE REAL?

OF COURSE NOT!  
HE'S A MECHANICAL  
MAN! I JUST PRESS  
ONE OF THESE BUTTONS  
AND HE DOES ANYTHING  
I WANT!



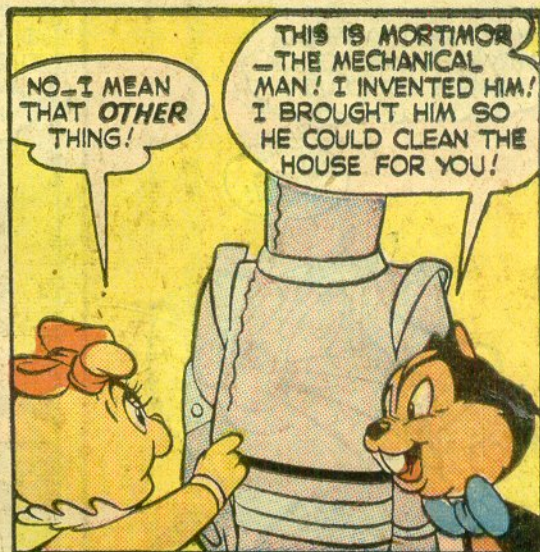
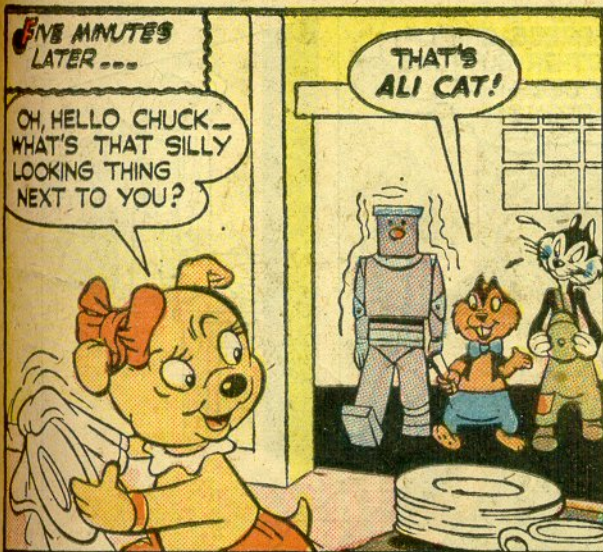
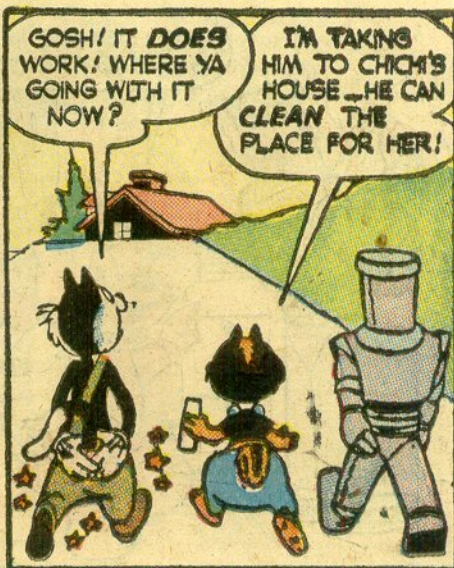
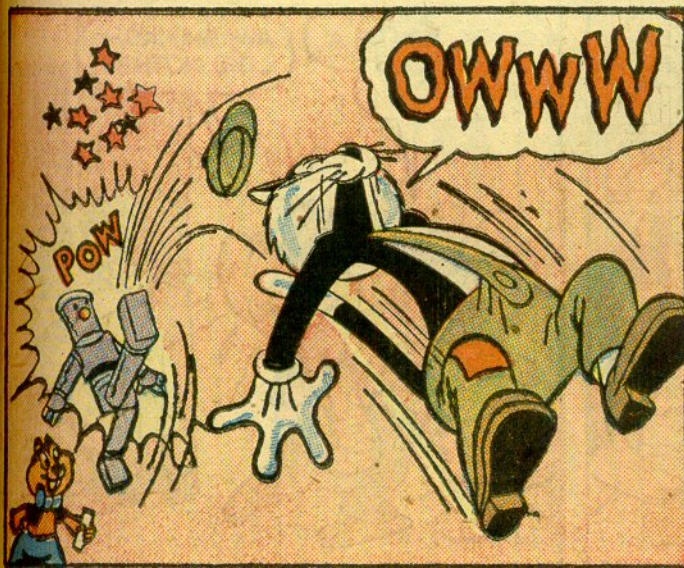
AW! I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! PROVE  
IT! MAKE HIM KICK  
ME IN THE PANTS!



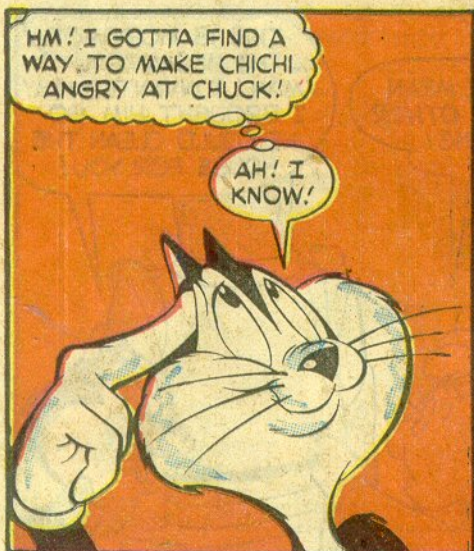
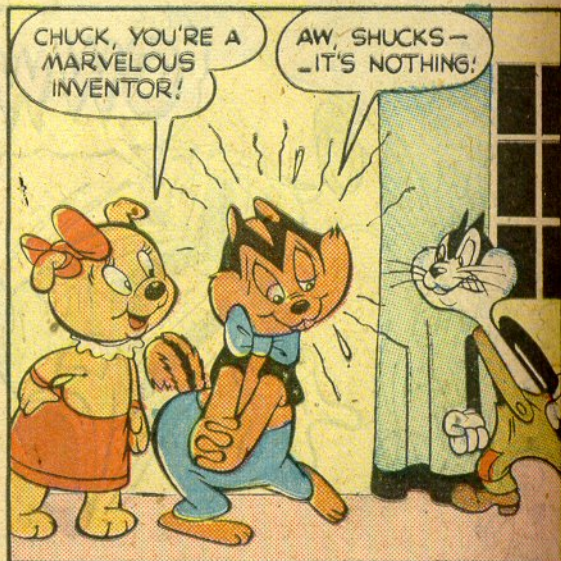
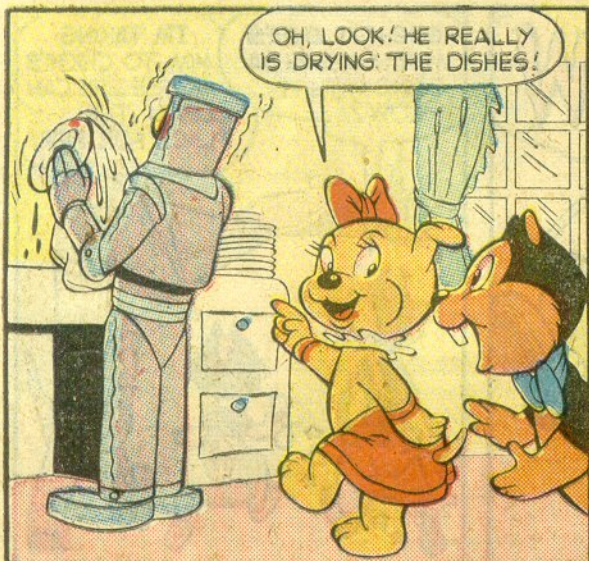
OKAY! — YOU  
ASKED FOR IT!



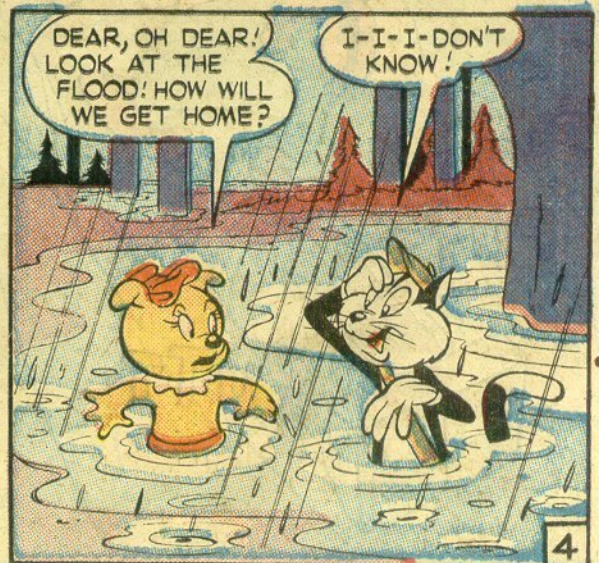
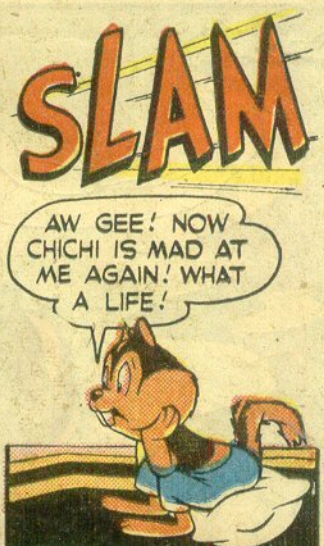
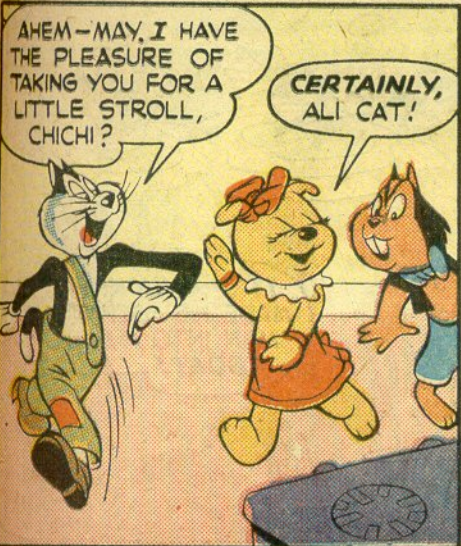




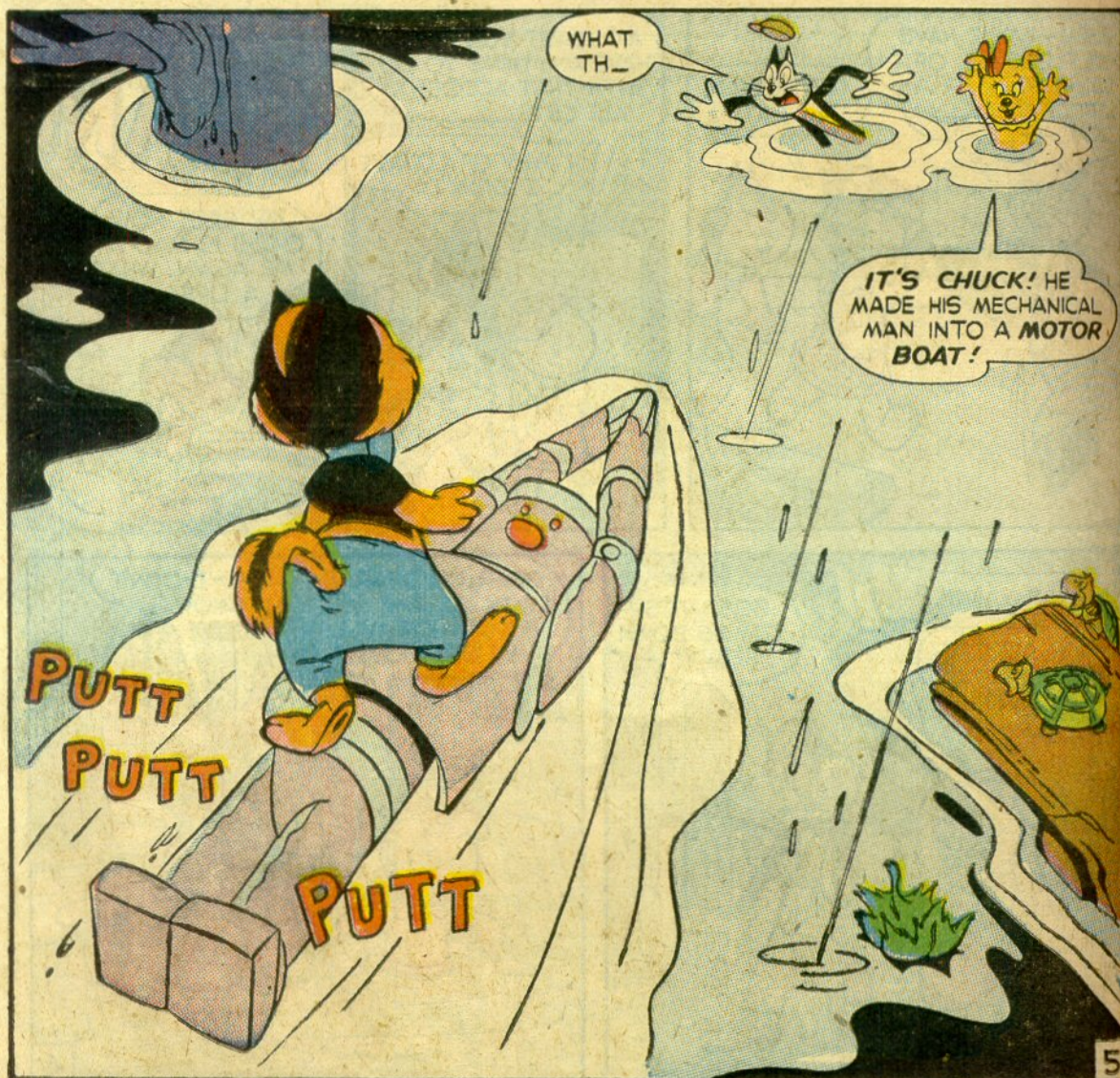
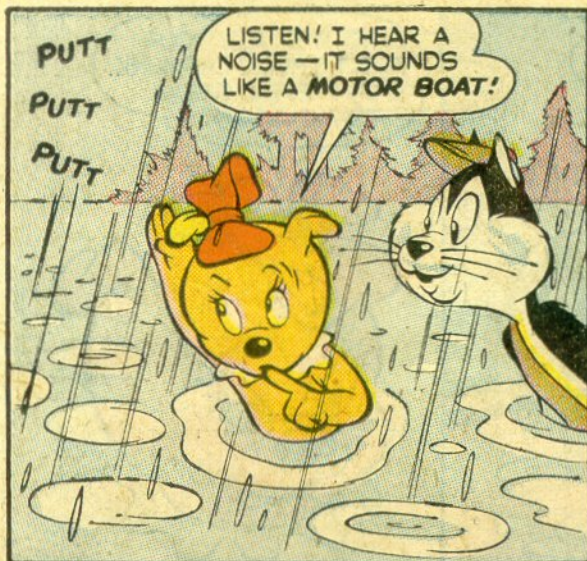




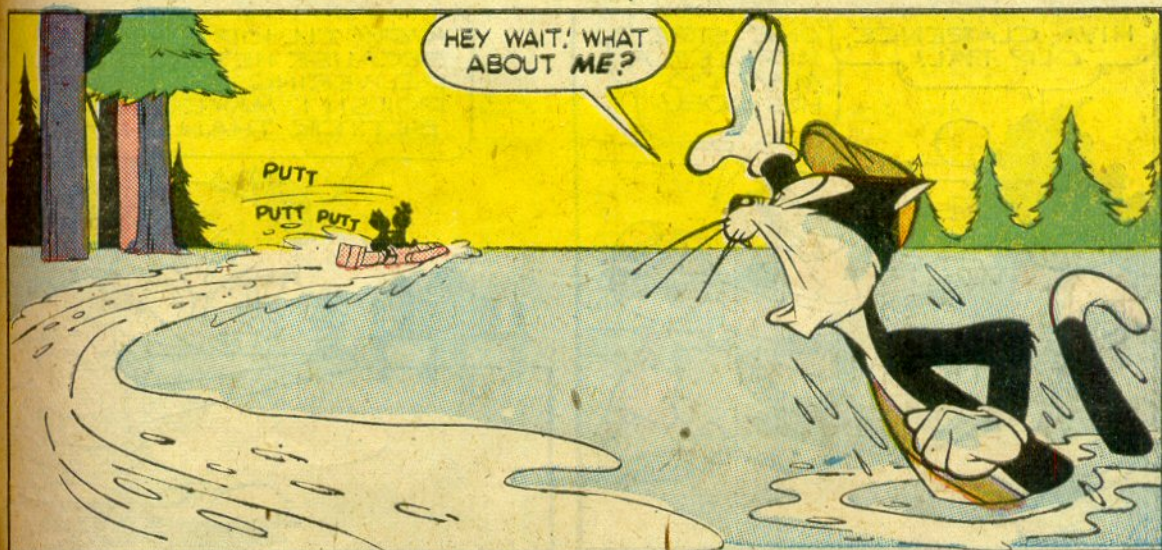














# SPANKY

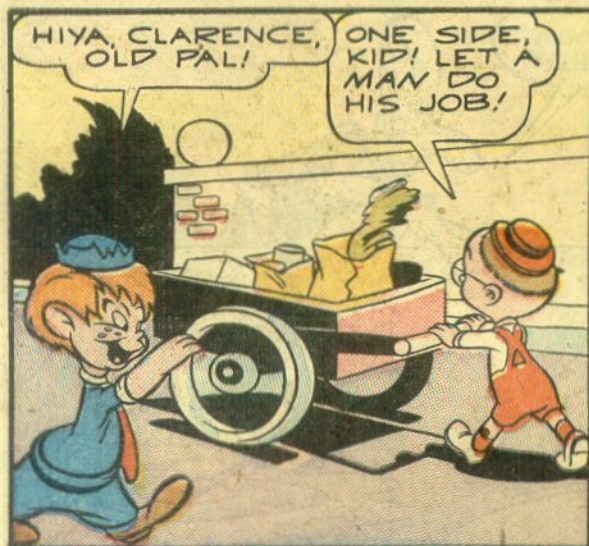
HE TOLD ME  
TO MAKE  
HORSERADISH!

## GROCERY



HIYA, CLARENCE,  
OLD PAL!

ONE SIDE,  
KID! LET A  
MAN DO  
HIS JOB!



KID!! I'LL KID HIM!! JUST  
BECAUSE HE'S GOT A JOB  
DELIVERING GROCERIES  
DOESN'T MAKE HIM ANY  
BETTER THAN ME!



I'LL JUST BORROW THIS FROM  
MY MOTHER-AND GIVE  
CLARENCE SOME  
COMPETITION!



DO YOU NEED  
A DELIVERY  
BOY, MR.  
BINKS?

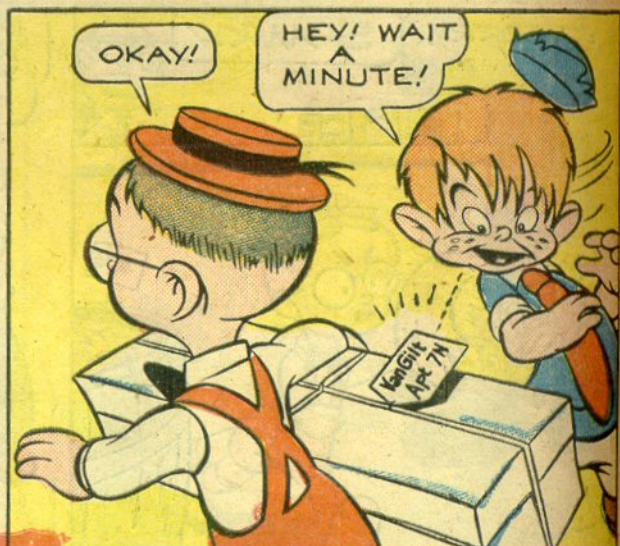
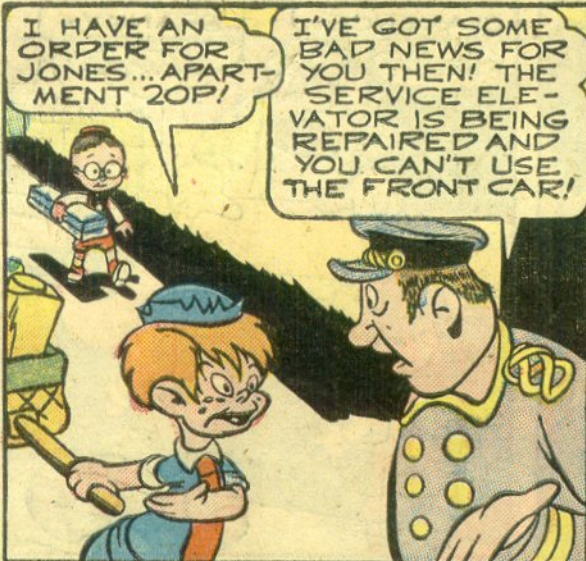
I HAVE ONE,  
SPANKY-AND  
HE'S ENOUGH  
FOR MY STORE!





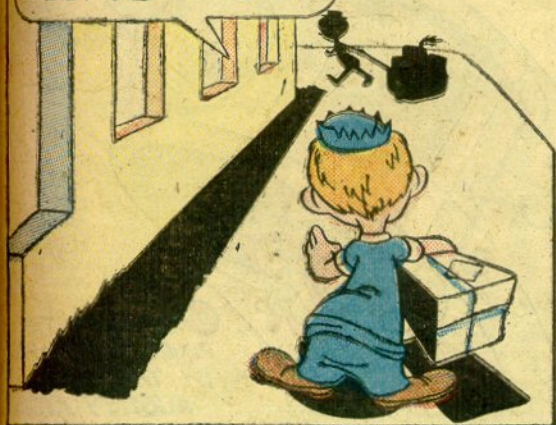








HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER  
BE AS SMART AS ME!  
THIS IS GOING TO  
THE RICHEST  
PEOPLE IN TOWN!



I OUGHTA GET A BIG  
TIP HERE-ENOUGH TO  
PAY OFF CLARENCE AND  
STILL HAVE ENOUGH  
FOR MYSELF!

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**



THANK YOU VERY  
MUCH, YOUNG  
MAN! GOOD  
DAY!

EH?  
NO TIP?



NO WONDER  
THEY'RE RICH!

I DELIVERED  
THE ORDER,  
SPANKY!

**BANG!**



AND I GOT AN  
EXTRA DOLLAR  
FOR WALKING  
UP THE STAIRS!

WHAT?

**OHH!**



NOW PAY UP!

THIS'LL BREAK  
ME! I WORKED  
THE WHOLE  
DAY FOR  
NOTHING!



I HOPE YOU'VE HAD  
YOUR LESSON, SPANKY!  
YOU GOT WHAT YOU  
ASKED FOR-NOTHING!

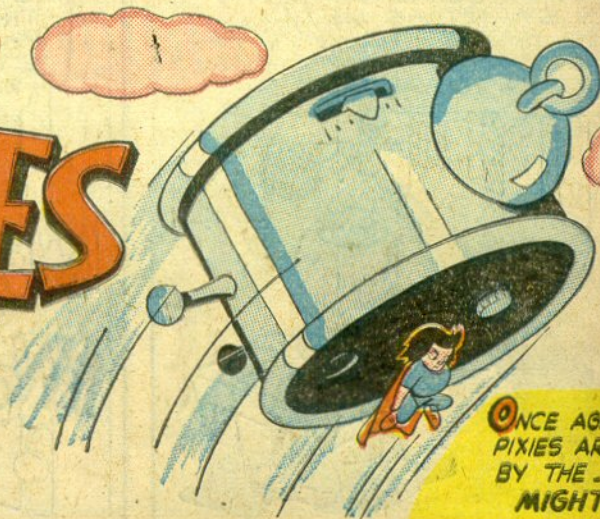
AW!  
SHUT  
UP!



the **END**



# TRIXIE PIXIES



ONCE AGAIN, THE  
PIXIES ARE HELPED  
BY THE ---  
**MIGHTY ATOM!**

**PETE AND POLLY PIXIE ARE VISITING  
THE NEW SWIMMING POOL ---**

GOSH! LOOK, PETE! THESE  
KIDS AREN'T EVEN USING  
THE NEW SWIMMING POOL!

I WONDER  
WHY?!

**CIGARS**

PIXERARY  
SWIMMING  
POOL

WHY AREN'T YOU  
BOYS IN SWIMMING?

BECAUSE THERE'S  
NO DIVING BOARD!  
WE CAN'T DIVE  
INTO THE WATER!

SURE! WHAT  
GOOD IS A POOL  
WITHOUT A  
DIVING BOARD?

THEY'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT,  
PETE! THEY **SHOULD** HAVE  
A DIVING BOARD!

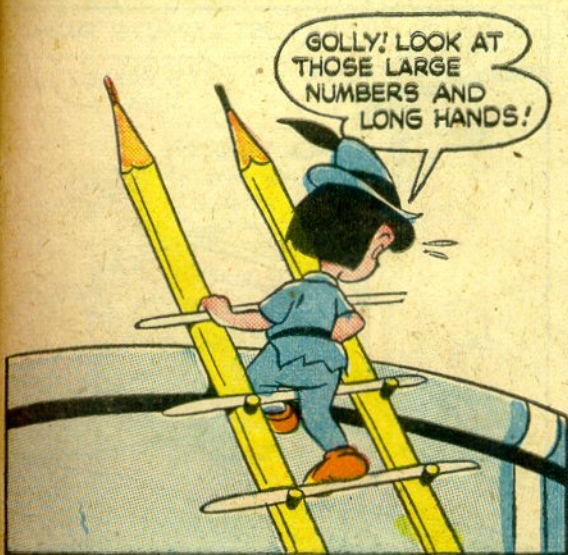
I KNOW, POLLY, BUT  
WE SPENT ALL THE  
MONEY IN THE TREASURY  
FOR THE POOL! WE  
CAN'T AFFORD A  
DIVING BOARD!

**CIGARS**

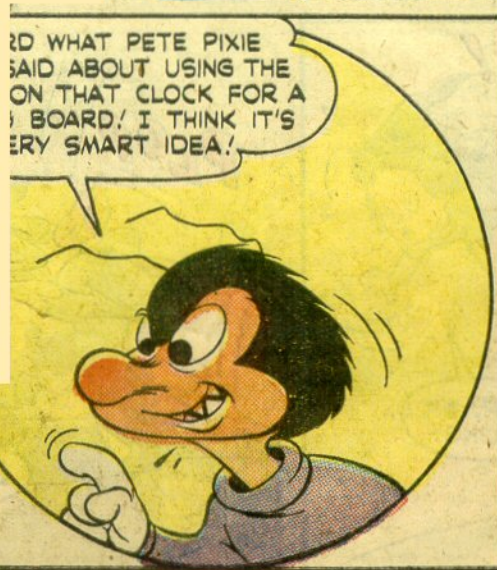
PIXERARY  
SWIMMING  
POOL

**POLLY!  
LOOK!**











HA HA! I KNOW IT'S YOURS!  
BUT WHO IS GOING TO STOP  
ME FROM TAKING IT? HA HA!

OHH! IF THE MIGHTY  
WERE ONLY HERE!  
STOP YOU, FREDDIE



NOBODY CAN SEE  
ME NOW! I'LL  
CHANGE INTO THE  
MIGHTY ATOM AND  
STOP THAT  
FREDDIE FLEA!

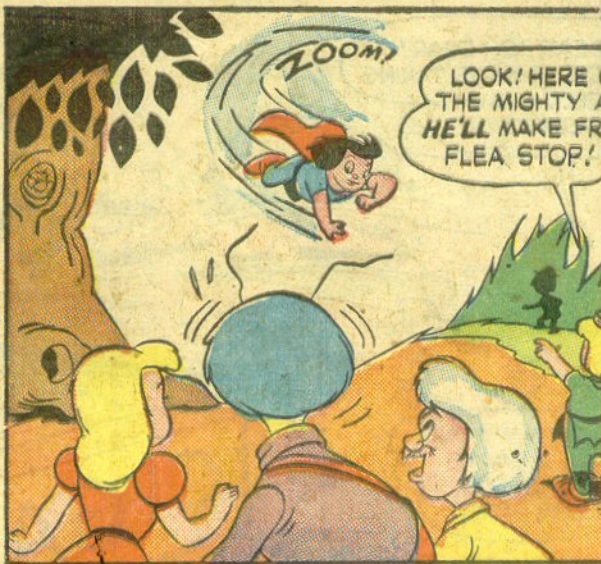
PETE SAYS THE MAGIC  
WORDS, WHICH ONLY HE  
KNOWS...

PICK A PECK  
O' PIXIES!



PETE PIXIE CAN BECOME  
THE MIGHTY ATOM WHENEVER  
HE WANTS TO...

AND HE BECOMES ---THE MIGHTY  
ATOM---MIGHTIEST PIXIE THE  
WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!



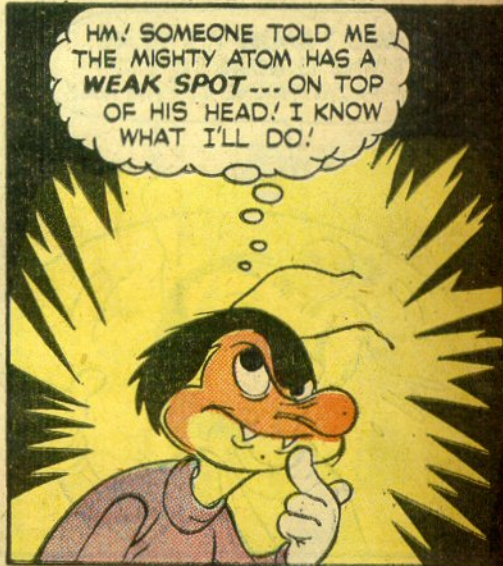


LOCK  
AWAY,

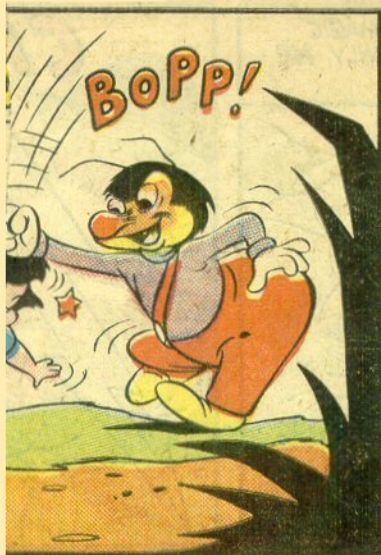
YOU! OH-UH--  
ALRIGHT ---  
MIGHTY ATOM!



HM! SOMEONE TOLD ME  
THE MIGHTY ATOM HAS A  
**WEAK SPOT**... ON TOP  
OF HIS HEAD! I KNOW  
WHAT I'LL DO!



**BOPP!**



HA HA! **NOW** WHAT DO YOU  
PIXIES THINK OF YOUR **MIGHTY**  
**ATOM**? I KNOCKED HIM OUT!

**PLOP**



DEAR, OH DEAR!  
FREDDIE FLEA IS TAKING  
CLOCK AWAY  
FLEATOWN!



NOW WE WON'T  
HAVE A DIVING  
BOARD FOR  
OUR POOL!

**CIGA**

**JUST THEN THE MIGHTY  
ATOM AWAKENS...**

OH, MY  
HEAD! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

FREDDIE  
FLEA KNOCKED YOU  
OUT, MIGHTY ATOM!



YES, AND WE THOUGHT WE  
COULD **ALWAYS** DEPEND ON  
YOU TO HELP US!



YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME,  
PIXIES! I **PROMISE** YOU I'LL  
BRING BACK THAT CLOCK!



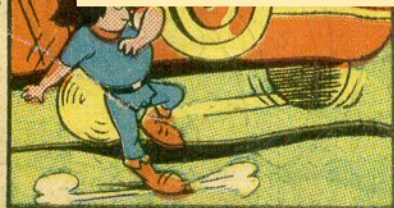
**ZOOM!**



GOOD LUCK,  
MIGHTY ATOM!

FRED  
BELO  
I'VE

C  
A  
W



I'LL KNOCK YOU OVER  
THE **HEAD** JUST LIKE  
I DID BEFORE!



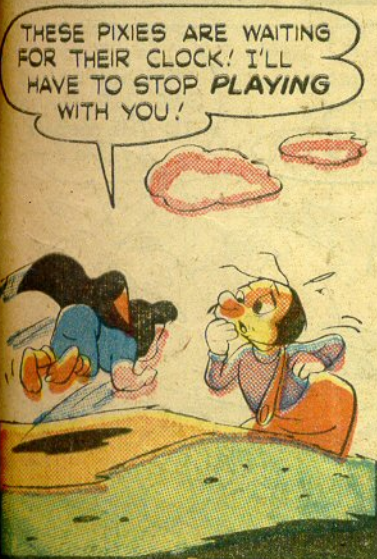
SUPPOSE YOU  
TRY MY **CHEST**  
FOR A CHANGE!



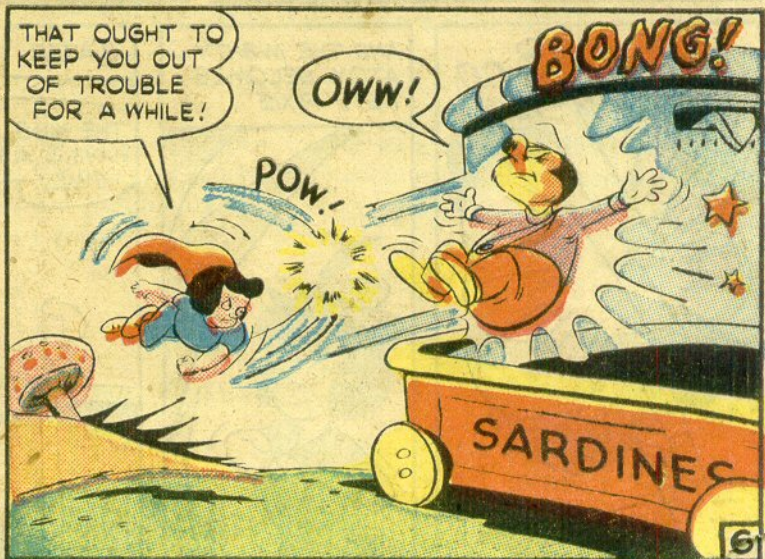
**OUCH!**

**CLUNK!**

THESE **PIXIES** ARE WAITING  
FOR THEIR **CLOCK**! I'LL  
HAVE TO STOP **PLAYING**  
WITH YOU!



THAT OUGHT TO  
KEEP YOU OUT  
OF TROUBLE  
FOR A WHILE!



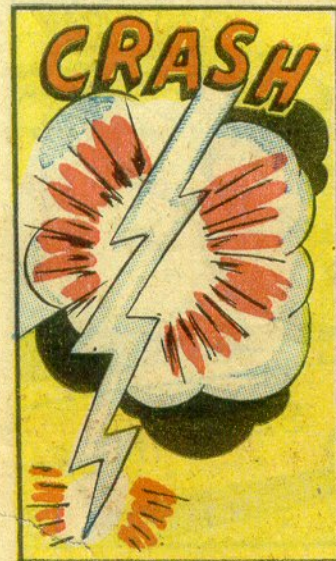
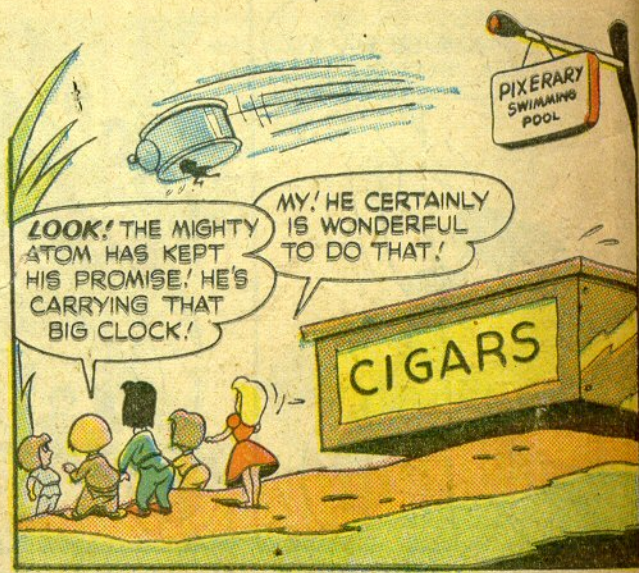
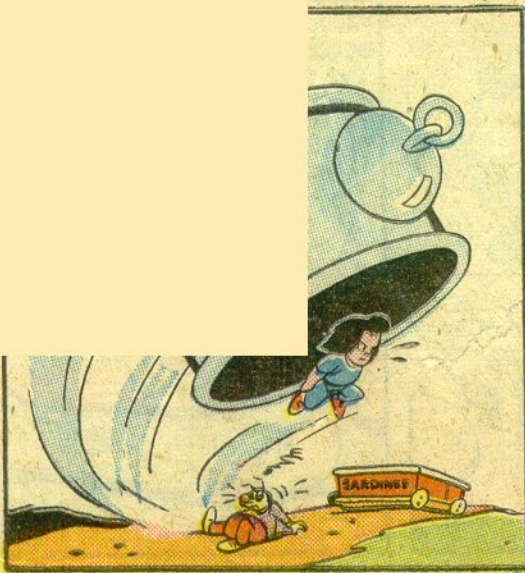
**OWW!**

**POW!**

**BONG!**

**SARDINES**







# for parents only

Dear Parents:

Some people habitually make scornful remarks about the "comic" books; others even condemn them outright. And every so often, something very much like an organized campaign is waged against these magazines.

Well, when the printing press was invented, it was denounced as an instrument of the devil. When the stage began to win popularity, it too was attacked as evil. The moving pictures faced the same criticism. So has radio . . . and television will be next.

All these entertainment media have survived, have improved, and have done much good. Very few people would seriously consider doing away with them now.

The books called "comic" represent an effective entertainment form, particularly for children—for whom they are designed. That there have been "bad" comic books, or inferior ones, is no valid argument against this type of magazine as a whole. There have been bad books, plays, motion pictures and radio shows.

We try our best to make TICK TOCK TALES and our other publications good, worthwhile magazines for children—and we endeavor to avoid boring the grown-ups who often must read the books to the youngsters. Those of you who have bought this magazine since its first appearance have certainly seen many improvements as one issue succeeded another.

We know that more improvements can be made, and we will continue to make them. That's where *you* come in.

You can help us—and your children—if you will take a little time out to write us about TICK TOCK TALES and about comic magazines in general. Tell us what you *like*, what you *don't* like, and what changes you would recommend.

We should also like you to pass along *your children's* likes and dislikes. We have youngsters of our own, and it is amazing how often their viewpoints differ from our own editorial judgments.

We'd really like to hear from you . . .

Sincerely,

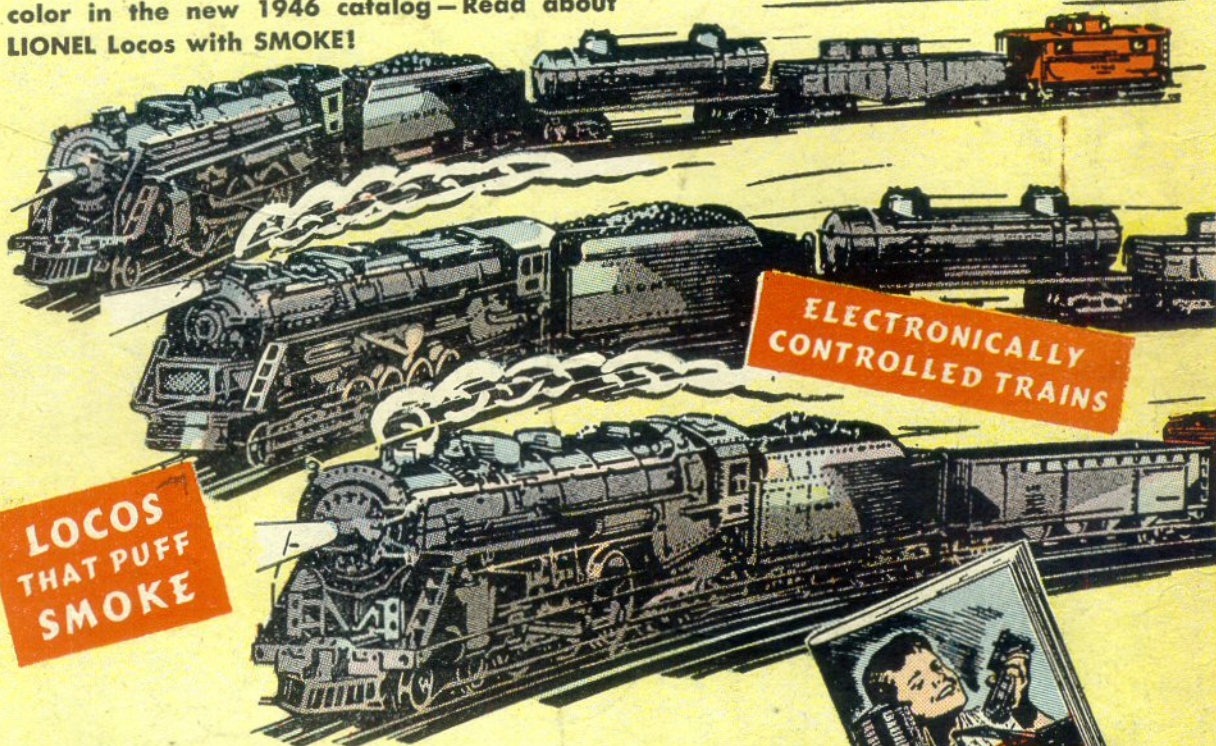
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